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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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La Fayette

DOES anyone read Plutarch now—read him as they read him in the eighteenth century, for his practical examples of human nature in action, and his illustrations of how desire and temperament work out in history? If there are any left who are still interested in the character as well as the habits of eminent men, they will find good pasturage in Henry Dwight Sedgwick's new life of La Fayette.

For here is a documented and unromantic study of precisely the character type least in favor to-day—the moderate, open-minded liberal, who was neither a dreamer nor an opportunist, a man who actually preferred his principles to the rule of France, and who, in spite of exile and hope deferred, seems to have got more solid satisfaction out of his struggle for a reasonable freedom than the Bonapartes, the Marats, the Hamiltons, whose intention was above all to stay on top. It is impossible to make of La Fayette other than a generous enthusiast determined in good causes; it is impossible to argue that his life in every way was not a success. One of our national heroes, at least, has come through modern scrutiny without loss.

Plutarch would have been quick to note that the quality which made La Fayette successful was one which essentially belongs to this type. He had a mind that was both loyal and generous. Passion with him, therefore, as with all natures both intense and tolerant, was not exhibited in that hard egoism which we are admiring now as the earmark of greatness, nor was it absorbed in that resolve to break and crush which is praised in revolutionaries or autocrats, and punished in children. His passions, which seem to have been intense for so genial a man, were poured into a loyalty to causes that had hope and energy in them. He gave his friendship to men like Washington, and would not be swerved. He would not compromise with Napoleon, and it is to be noted that whatever may be true of the twentieth century, in the nineteenth, his idealism triumphed over Bonaparte's practice. Europe went his way, and not the dictator's.

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They hate you more than they hate me, Napoleon said to him, speaking of the old régime. Plutarch would have made much of that remark also. The Lenins and the Mussolinis get the tribute to irresistible force which comes from the servile element in human nature. But a mind that neither accepts the old as immutable, nor follows the new into excess, is a menace to the plans of "practical" men. It is praised in public, sneered at in private. La Fayette, the major general by courtesy, who insisted upon risking his youthful reputation in the field with professionals, must have set hard-boiled tongues wagging in Philadelphia. Why was he not content to be the publicity agent of the Revolution, and a catspaw for the interests of France? But his kind are not "practical." That is why they warm the imagination and get unexpected results.

And so this amiable republican, who, measured with Washington, Jefferson, or Franklin, was incontestably not a great man but rather only an enthusiastic boy who guessed right in his choice of men and ideas, was, nevertheless, almost a decisive factor in the Revolutionary struggle. The French came to Yorktown for no very altruistic purposes, but it is unlikely that they would have come in time except for La Fayette, who himself would never have warmed Europe to the young republic, if he had not himself been generously warm.

La Fayette is, if you please, a special case. Passionate moderates, at war with extremes, and too generous to force their own domination, are seldom so openly successful. They leave usually a spirit behind them, but not a reputation, for their own tolerance limits their fame by depriving them of organized followers. Yet the current taste for biography might be directed toward more of their kind. Discoveries in the private lives of national heroes have been so abundant lately that one suspects a complex in the psychology of the biographers. They have been looking for private vices in men distinguished in public life instead of for public effectiveness. As a counter to hero worship the process may have been useful, but there would be a greater usefulness in discovering men better, not worse, than their reputation, the undistinguished La Fayettes, the individuals responsible for the belief in the possibility of making a finer animal of poor old man, which, in spite of cynics, still persists.

Love Is a Sea

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

LOVE is a sea that is there, under all life,
Always, inexhaustible waters; it must have fountains,
To find the upper air, to flow, to sing on the mountains,
To fill cool cups for our caked lips, salt with strife.
She is such. She is a fountain, very abundant.
As the sap mounts in the birch-tree, the sweet waters
Flow upward through her, sweet among the daughters.
She is a green place among the rocks, ascendant,
The waters find her and flow through her as a spring.
If she hold out her hands love falls on you; cooler than rain
That fingers the roots of the grasses, caressing and fain.
If she enfold you, the waters are gathering,
A river, a bearer of life, surging, fecundant,
Up from the caverns, the deep caves under the mountains
Where love is cool waters, upwelling, seeking fountains.
She is such; a fountain of love, very abundant.

This Week

Essays by Huxley and Gosse.
Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*
"Why Men Fail."
Reviewed by *Joseph Jastrow.*
"Olives of Endless Age."
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"The Diary of Henry Teonge."
Reviewed by *Captain David Bone.*
"The Wolf Cub."
Reviewed by *Charles J. Finger.*
Two Volumes of Poems.
Reviewed by *Jessie B. Rittenhouse.*
"Cézanne."
Reviewed by *Frank J. Mather.*
"The Story of Civil Liberty."
Reviewed by *Zecheriah Chafee.*

Next Week

Spring Book Number.

Is It Prose or Poetry?

. . . the other harmony of Prose.
DRYDEN.

By HERBERT READ

THERE are two ways of distinguishing prose from poetry. One is merely external or mechanical: it defines poetry as a mode of expression which is strictly related to a regular measure or metre; prose as a mode of expression which avoids regularity of measure and seeks the utmost variety of rhythm. But as to the poetic half of this distinction, it is obvious that it only accounts for verse, and every reader knows that verse is not necessarily poetry—that verse, indeed, is merely an outward *form* which may, or may not, be inspired with poetic feeling. Verse, therefore, is not an essential thing; it is merely a species of rhythm, and, in the abstract, a static, academic "norm." No such "norm" is ever postulated for prose; there is therefore no exact opposition between prose and verse. We are compelled to take into account the more essential sense of the word poetry.

I wish to state here most dogmatically (leaving to another occasion a more detailed defence of this dogma), that the distinction between poetry and prose is not and never can be a formal one. No minute analysis and definition of "feet," no classification of metre, no theory of cadence or quantity, has ever resolved the multiple rhythms of poetry and the multiple rhythms of prose into two distinct and separable categories. The most that can be said is that prose never assumes a regular, even beat, but this is a negative criterion of no practical value. That there is a surface distinction between poetry and prose must, I think, be admitted; but it is like the surface distinction between sea and land—one is liquid and wavy, the other solid and indented; but why distinguish the surface of things when the things themselves are so palpably different?

* * *

The distinction between poetry and prose is a material distinction; that is to say, since we are dealing with mental things, it is a psychological distinction. Poetry is the expression of one form of mental activity, prose the expression of another form.

Poetry is creative expression; prose is constructive expression. That, in a sentence, is the real distinction—a distinction which will only become clear as we proceed.

By "creative" I mean *original.* In poetry the words are born or reborn in the act of thinking. The words are, in Bergsonian phraseology, a becoming; they develop in the mind *pari passu* with the development of the thought. There is no time interval between the words and the thought. The thought is the word and the word is thought, and both the thought and the word are poetry.*

* Compare generally the ideas of Leone Vivante on this subject, in his works "Intelligence in Expression" (Eng. trans. 1925) and "Notes on the Originality of Thought" (Eng. trans. 1927); *note particularly this paragraph from* the first-named work:

In prose the period is more subject to rules, whether in the collocation of words, in the structure of the phrase, or in the use of words; *i. e.*, it is subject to conventional usage. Uncommon words can hardly be introduced; it seems wayward and arbitrary to use them, and in general we cannot depart from common usage—while in poetry a like "transgression," a like inversion or the uncommon use of a word passes, as such, unobserved. And this is due to the boldness which words have in poetry—because their meaning is entirely present, their every reason or value is present and active in them, in every moment of expression; and because, on the other hand, the very material, as it were, calls forth activity to form itself according to all its intrinsic values and forms and, being one with activity, is itself concept.

"Constructive" implies ready-made materials;

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words stacked round the builder, ready for use. Prose is a structure of ready-made words. Its "creative" function is confined to plan and elevation—functions these, too, of poetry, but in poetry subsidiary to the creative function.

Does it follow that poetry is solely an affair of words? Yes: an affair of words adequate to the thought involved. An affair of one word, like Shakespeare's "incarnadine," or of two or three words, like "shady sadness," "incense-breathing Morn," "a peak in Darien," "soft Lydian airs," "Mount Abora," "star-in-wrought," or of all the words necessary for a process of thought like the "Divine Comedy."

Prose, too, is an affair of words, but only of words as so much dead material given life, *which life is rhythm*. Paradoxical as it may seem, we now see that poetry may inhere in a single word, in a single syllable, and may therefore be without rhythm; prose, however, does not exist except in the phrase, and the phrase always has rhythm of some kind.

This distinction between poetry and prose may seem a subtle matter; it may seem to be one difficult of application. It may be asked: how are we to recognize creativity when we see it? I frankly resort to an esoteric doctrine at this point. My observation convinces me that in poetry, as in every other art, the people who recognize the art are few, and that these few recognize it instinctively. Just as the ear in some natural and innate way reacts to melody, and the eye to color, so the intelligence reacts to poetry. I do not profess to explain these instinctive reactions; they are probably constitutional, but I see no reason to suppose that because words, rather than musical scales, are the medium of normal communication between men, that therefore the art of words, which is poetry (and prose!) is in any degree made more accessible to ordinary men than the art of music. All art is difficult, remote, subtle; and though in the process of catharsis it may act as a release for emotions that are common to all men, yet in this process art is to those men an unknown quantity. That is why the artist among us is so dangerous; he is always playing with social dynamite and is therefore banished from any ideal Republic. Only realistic philosophers, such as Aristotle, see that he has his uses.

The answer to the first question therefore is: that the difference between poetry and prose is a quantitative difference that has its effects in expression, but that these effects cannot be measured qualitatively, but only by the exercise of an instinctive judgment.

The second question is simpler. Is there an abstract entity, an absolute prose style to which all styles approximate, or against which all styles are judged? I think there probably is, but it follows from my definition of prose that such a style can never be exactly defined. But there are many negative restrictions—such as the one I have mentioned, that the rhythm of prose is never regular, and such as the laws against archaicisms, metaphor, affectation, sentimentality, confusion, and inappropriate accent—and if all these restrictions are borne in mind at one and the same time, we do arrive at a negative definition of perfection. But it remains a negative definition, with all the defects and uncertainties consequent on such definitions. Nevertheless, we can ask ourselves, if only for amusement, which among our prose writers come nearest to this indefinite ideal. We perceive immediately that of very few authors can it be said that they had no insidious faults. Take this test only: of how many writers, in the search for an appropriate and representative passage, could we trust to the offering of any page we opened at? Obviously, only of the consistently good and the consistently bad. But which writer can we claim to be consistently himself and consistently good? I have had some experience in the "dipping audit" which I have applied to English prose writers during the preparation of a book, and only about three or four names occur to me as possible. There is Berkeley, there is Swift, there is Sterne, there is Southey, and, if modern examples must be quoted, there are W. H. Hudson and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yet in Berkeley I know there are terrible wastes, and in the "Querist" and in "Siris" (where, too, there are the greatest delights); in Swift there are occasional lapses, due to anger or weariness; in Sterne the conversational ease is, after all, an instrument of limited range (it avoids what it cannot compass); in Southey there are forlorn failures of interest—an objection I would also hold against W. H. Hudson and Mr. Shaw. Swift is the only one of these prose writers, and the only one, therefore, in the whole of English literature, in whom there are no organic and inevitable lapses. The prose style of Swift is unique, an irrefrangible instrument of clear, animated, animating and effective thought. English prose has perhaps attained here and there a nobler profundity, and here and there a subtler complexity; but never has it maintained such a constant level of inspired expression.

New and Old

ESSAYS OLD AND NEW. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

PROPER STUDIES. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

LEAVES AND FRUIT. By SIR EDMUND GOSSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. HUXLEY'S "Proper Studies" is only apparently a collection of miscellaneous essays; in reality it is an argument, a book with a theme. He is an individualist and would cry out with Emerson: "Masses! The calamity is the masses! I do not want any masses; but men and women." Mass rule and mass education are a folly and a failure. Men are unlike. Their unlikeness may be less fundamental or essential—whatever these terms mean—than their likeness, but it is not less ineradicable and important. The important unlikeness between Emerson and Mr. Huxley—it may be noted here—is that Emerson's individualism is idealistic, a pure individualism neither massed nor classed, and springs from a vision of humanity as it might be; Mr. Huxley's is realistic, springs from a recognition of humanity as it is, and moves toward practical results through classifying. There is a "new and old" even among individualists.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

Author of "The Hotel" (Dial Press), reviewed in last week's issue of The Saturday Review of Literature.

The equality of men, Mr. Huxley says, was an eighteenth-century dogma, contrary to the facts then as always. Modern psychology and that of the medieval churchman agree in so far as both are realistic. What actually is the nature of human nature? is the first question, and then, what sort of social institutions would best be fitted for the kind of thing humanity appears to be? If you know human nature you have a standard by which to judge institutions. The eighteenth-century sociologists used this method, and our institutions are largely the outcome of their conclusions. The trouble with these institutions is not with eighteenth-century logic, but with eighteenth-century idealistic psychology, with an idea of human nature which was gratuitously and novelly wrong. The idea of equality might be derived from Aristotle or the medieval schoolmen by way of Descartes or Locke, but none of their theorems had any social or political application. "All men are in essence the same," or "Reason is found complete in all men," was not understood by any of them in a way to trouble Athenian slavery or the feudal system, any more than was the Christian brotherhood of man and equality before the infinite. It was the eighteenth-century thinkers who needed a theory to underly the reforms desired, applied these formulas to politics, and explained the obvious inequality of men as due to environment and education. Equalize these and you equalize men. "Intelligence, genius, and virtue are the products of education." The "all men are in essence equal" of Locke became "all men are created, or born, or are by nature equal," which is untrue down to the most rudimentary embryos.

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Mr. Huxley does not mention the interesting point made by Sir Henry Maine, that the maxim of Roman law, *Omnes homines natura æquales sunt*, meant that there were in Rome two systems of law, namely, civil and equity. The theory had grown up that the latter represented natural law in distinction from the technical and traditional code, but it did not spring from any such theory. It sprang from the practical need of finding law applicable to aliens. The maxim meant merely that before a judge sitting in civil law there was distinction of persons, whereas before a judge sitting in equity there was not. "Are created equal" is a natural translation of *natura æquales sunt*, but it is not what it meant, any more than did the "equal in essence" of Locke's *tabula rasa*.

Mr. W. C. Brownell, in his most recent book called "Democratic Distinction in America," remarks that the effect of the doctrine has been to replace classes by individuals; that the equality which the Declaration of Independence had in mind was, of course, not capacity but title to consideration. Also of course, very true. And true that, if the Jeffersonian formula had been more accurate, it would have lost its *flair*. But a formula so emphatic, unqualified, and on the face of it untrue, is a very imperfect formula, however valuable as proclamation, and however much that is both valuable and true for social theory may be sifted out of it by selection and interpretation. I do not think that the Declaration can be properly understood without a realization of that eighteenth-century political thought within which Jefferson's mind moved, and a realization of the fact as well that in 1776 he was very young. It is true that the men of the Continental Congress in 1776 were as shrewd and sensible as any men that ever lived. Accordingly they were not only well aware that men are not created in any way equal, but were also aware of the value of such eloquence as Jefferson's. In "times that try men's souls" shrewd and sensible men ask for words that move miscellaneous men to unity. Mr. Huxley's analysis of the doctrine seems reasonably correct, but he does not take account of its value, immediate or continual, as an inspiration and as a safeguard. He thinks our political failures come from the doctrine; he does not seem to admit that our political successes may have some connection with the doctrine too; indeed he does not, with any great cordiality, admit the successes.

* * *

Men are unlike then and unequal. But in what ways do they differ? To a realistic psychology they are mentally as unlike and unequal as they are physically—perhaps more so—and may be classified vertically or horizontally, that is in degree or in kind. The mind of George Babbitt is on the same vertical lines as that of William James, and the relations of Joanna Southcote's mind with that of Hegel would be similar, that is, different degrees of the same kind—whereas horizontally the minds of James and Hegel, and those of Babbitt and Joanna, would be classed together as respectively a couple of high-grade and low-grade minds. In respect to differences of kind there are extraverts and introverts, contemporary words for an old distinction; there are also visualizers who think in images, and non-visualizers who think in abstractions; there are geometers and analysts, which is a somewhat similar division. All these terms are familiar, I suppose, in modern psychology.

Mr. Huxley believes himself to be a moderate extravert, an imperfect visualizer, and more or less of an analyst. But are not most men more or less mixed or qualified? Are not these distinctions of faculty and direction, rather than of persons? If persons can be said to belong to one of these classes only in the sense that a certain faculty or direction is predominant in them, an absolute classification by persons amounts in sum to a vast exaggeration of

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those human differences which are the basis of Mr. Huxley's whole thesis.

When he comes to the political application, in the essay called "Democracy," the footing seems very insecure. There are too many omitted considerations. An aristocracy of brains in some degree always exists, but whether civil service examinations for legislators and intelligence tests for voters will ever be practical must be left to a speculative future. In respect to "Religion" and "Dogma," it appears to Mr. Huxley that any theory which would realistically formulate religious experience must be paradoxical and absurd, because men's religious experience is diverse and contradictory. "No simple and rational theology can possibly be true." He takes a successful shot at Professor Whitehead and Dean Inge, for the definition of religion as "what a man does with his solitude," ignores the fact that it is actually and has always been historically a social phenomenon as well.

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"New and Old" are fugitive terms in an age when "panting time" has the same difficulty in keeping up with literary change that it once had with Shakespearean tragedy. The young iconoclast finds himself obsolescent before he has had time to became middle aged. "New and Old" in Mr. Huxley's meaning can only refer to a few years. "New and Old" with respect to Mr. Huxley and Sir Edmund Gosse means two generations and might be expected to mean a new and old school. The author of "Crome Yellow" and "Antic Hay" is surely a modern in respect to species as well as period, and the first of Edmund Gosse's thirty volumes was his "Northern Studies," published in 1879. They are both men of wide culture, though the older critic is more exclusively literary, and the younger is perhaps as much interested in art as in literature. He is interested in all kinds of things.

But a grave doubt arises. Either "modern" does not mean a species, or Mr. Huxley, the critic, is not "modern." He slaps Mr. Roger Frye and Mr. Clive Bell, namelessly but rather directly, in the face. "The contemporary insistence on form (in art) to the exclusion of everything else is an absurdity. The number of ways in which a good picture can be painted is incalculable." He is effectively sarcastic (in the essay called "Conxolus") about the worship of second-rate Italian primitives which more properly should be called Byzantine decadents. According to our young estheticians, anxious not to be thought old fashioned, "a beautiful woman painted accurately is 'chocolate boxy,' a beautiful landscape 'mere poetry.' If a work of art is obviously charming, according to these people, it is necessarily bad." Whereas in point of fact second-rate painters who paint stories may be entertaining, faithful copies of beautiful objects may be bad pictures and yet make some amends by reminding us of those objects; but a second-rate painter with a bad picture aimed at some mythical ideal of pure estheticism is worse than nothing; "he has become an intolerable bore." That does not sound "modern" in the meaning one has lately so often met, but it sounds like good sense. The English critical tradition is in the main a tradition of good sense. Samuel Johnson and Swinburne, Ben Jonson and Pater, Dryden and Carlyle—there was somewhere in all of these contrasts a solid understanding; and Mr. Huxley is as distinctly in that tradition as Sir Edmund Gosse.

* * *

He is a critic, however, of more decision, a greater natural distinction. That he is more combative may be modernness, or it may be the Huxley inheritance. He has a more stimulating mind. Chaucer is as well worn a subject as Montaigne, but Mr. Huxley on Chaucer is more keenly eye to eye than Sir Edmund Gosse on Montaigne. He notes the significance of Chaucer's pleasure in anything that is good of its kind—the absolute womanness of Cressida, the splendid horseyness of a horse, the rich abundance of the Canon's perspiration ("It was a joye for to see him sweat"). The Pardoner's preaching is perfect in its charlatanism and therefore admirable. According to the historians Chaucer's was one of the most disagreeable of eras. It had the Black Death, besides wars and wickedness, misery and bunkum unlimited; and yet Chaucerian poetry bubbles with the joy of life. He looked out on the world with a delight that never grew weary. "I have had my world as in my time." And what a world! How extraordinary! How full of all kinds of distinct, particular, and peculiar things!

Sir Edmund Gosse could hardly have written: "Nonsense is the nearest approach to a proof of that unprovable article of faith, whose truth we must all assume or perish miserably, that life is worth living." It is too casual, too subtle, too candid for him, and the touch of disillusion is a twentieth century touch. Early Victorian disillusion was usually Byronic, and late nineteenth century perhaps Swinburnian. Chaucerian disillusion involved no doubts about the worth of life. But the note to-day is none of these. Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Waste Land" is curious, recondite, experimental, perhaps freakish, in method; Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" is conventional in form and an imitation of Juvenal; but in mood and in flat-footed integrity Eliot is like Johnson and Juvenal. In nineteenth century poetry there are echoes of Virgil. A great twentieth century poet—if there ever is one—will perhaps be more like Lucretius than like Virgil in his manner and in his mood.

But Sir Edmund Gosse is not disillusioned at all. He would not find nonsense necessary for sustaining faith. He looks on humanity with a kindly eye, and finds the ways of literature very pleasant. It is pleasanter to travel with him those familiar ways than with those young writers who cannot travel there with interest except they find something to dispute. But this amiability, this affection for literature, which induces an affection for anyone whose writings have given us pleasure, may of course lead us biographically astray. Apropos of Sir Edmund's essay on Colley Cibber, I doubt if it is true that Pope's "leading characteristic was loyalty to the dignity of literature," or if his attack on Cibber is to be so honorably explained. He wished Voltaire to consider him as an English gentleman rather than as a poet; Voltaire declined to see it that way, and could hardly have been impressed with Pope's "loyalty to the dignity of literature." Pope was not an admirable character, and the better line of defense for him lies in the consideration of his phrase "this long disease, my life," and of that couplet of Swift in the event of Swift's death:

> Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

"Broken Arcs"

WHY MEN FAIL. Edited by Dr. Morris Fishbein and Dr. William A. White. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

CRITICS share with others the alternative of disposing of the icing first or leaving it for last. The last is best in the present instance; for the first question that intrigues the critical frame of mind—and a series of essays by eleven prominent specialists must be taken critically—is not the query of the book, but rather why men so competent fail to explain why men fail. The reasons, though pertinent, do not completely exonerate. It is true that the articles were prepared for a Sunday "feature"; yet these writers would presumably accept a journalistic commission as responsibly as a professional one. A large measure of excuse lies in the undeniable fact that it is a hard question to answer; there are more varieties of scattered shots, including those wide of the mark, than of scores in the bull's eye; and the target of success is shifting and evasive. A third large factor is the inviting and congenial error of undue simplification, merging with the other congenial error of a wishful cheerful optimism.

That furnishes a critical point of arrest. Those who give advice—and mind-doctors preëminently—don't want to discourage; this general attitude, commendable as morale so far as it is scientifically warranted or even a bit stretched—is that there is hope for everybody. Nobody is quite properly brought up or ideally situated, and by correcting environmental circumstances, reeducation is possible, and the route may be charted in the direction of adjustment. Doubtless readers of Sunday "features" must be gently handled. So the temptation is strong to "feature" the untoward circumstance of our upbringing. Simplification consists in making much of the easier "cases" and saying little of the hard ones. This fallacy of solution is widely distributed. It is peculiarly prevalent among executives—not among the elect of the guild—who ignore or dismiss many of the essential values, and then administer the rest by routine or compromise. It is found among moralists who have maxims and measures that work well enough for calm weather, but wouldn't make a port in a storm. It is most tempting in treating the ills that mind is heir to, and results in brilliant records of outwitting nerves and exorcising hypochondrias and phobias and unruly vagaries generally. If I could recall the years, I should devote fewer of them to teaching psychology and more to practising it. And I should make a specialty of treating patients who had nothing much the matter with them, and need only be told so lucratively. But anyone whose post of observation is not so favorably selected, whether it be a psycho-neurological consulting office, or any fairly democratic point of vantage in the stream of personalities and circumstances of the common run, would have to be content with a far smaller percentage of cures and reliefs. A clinic at Palm Beach and in the lower East side of New York would yield irreconcilable psychiatries and mental hygienes. Failure and success take on different physiognomies in such divergent *clientèles*. "Why Men Fail" is a pretty large order for the abbreviated service of a small book prepared by coöperators without consultation.

A further source of difficulty lies in the lack of a proper analysis of the rôles of heredity and environment, and lack of agreement as well, thus opening the way to predilection. There is a case of failure referred to an over-solicitous mother sheltering her son, who finds himself without confidence or resources in facing mature problems. No one questions the ill-advisedness of this policy; but whether failure is thus conditioned is questionable. I can match the case with that of a young man similarly brought up, who is one of the most self-reliant and aggressive individuals I know. At the same period of young manhood when the case cited fell down piteously, my young man was explaining to his friends that he had to humor his mother into the belief that she was taking care of him, as she took such comfort in the innocent delusion. If he had had three indulgent mothers, they wouldn't have altered his independence one iota. Now this citation may reveal my predilection to believe that an original failing in this direction is merely shaped in its expression by an indulgent mother, but might appear just as emphatically in a vicariously educated orphan. Once the son has proved a failure, it is quite too tempting to make a handy mother-complex responsible; and if it isn't an enfeebling devotion to a doting mother, it's a rebellious compensation for a too austere father. And as we can't all be raised as orphans, and few have perfect parents, we have facile explanations of why men fail. Women come out rather badly in this survey and that is an unpopular indiscretion; for it is expected of all successful men to acknowledge: "It's all due to my mother." But here we have spoiling mothers, nagging wives, "clinging vines," vamping stenographers, and uncompanionate marriages, contributing unlimited quotas to masculine failure.

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What men fail at, and why they fail, and what manner of persons they are, and who makes the diagnosis, so intricately determine the conclusions, that no clear perspective of importance results from a pooling of opinions however expert. Each will emphasize the failings that he regards as most detrimental. There are common agreements, such as the debilitating effect of discouragements; how one successful venture may almost like a cathartic dissipate the blues, and start the fresh energies. A wise physician said that if he could replace the Rx at the head of his prescriptions by a $, they would be more effective.

And so one could continue, were it not that it is time for the icing. "Why Men Fail" is in reality a helpful if unsystematic presentation. The contributors speak with authority and experience and conviction. They contribute to a problem of major importance that has been singularly neglected. They place the problem correctly and focus upon it the illuminating light of modern psychiatry. The leaders of thought and their lay following who read it—and may they be numbered by many thousands!—cannot fail to be rightly oriented toward the significant sources of human failures. The varieties of human make-up and the formative influence of emotional attitudes stand out boldly, even though they do so in simplified and selected silhouette, rather than in their in-the-round sculptural reality. We shall have a convincing and penetrating account of "Why Men Fail" only when some one psychiatrist or psychologist with the same competence as these writers, devotes himself to this problem not causally but as the central purpose of his professional career. Meanwhile we may be grateful for this approach.

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Fruitful Land

OLIVES OF ENDLESS AGE. By H. N. Brailsford. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by G. Lowes Dickinson

Author of "The International Anarchy"

IN the huge jungle of journalism, where lurk the monsters that may destroy mankind, there is to be found, here and there, a little plot of fruitful land, where good seed has been sown. One of these has been cultivated by Mr. H-N. Brailsford, and the book we have to deal with here is one of its most fruitful harvests. Mr. Brailsford has the gift of a sight equally acute in near and distant vision. He sees distinctly the facts of the present, with all the menace or promise they contain; he sees also the radical changes which must be effected if civilization is to be saved. He sees that the time is short and the penalty of delay destruction; and thus hanging balanced between two worlds he puts it up to us how we will make the choice which is "brief and yet endless." On whether there are or are not to be found, in America, in Europe, in the East, men with vision and power to take up this challenge, the future of mankind will depend.

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The core of Mr. Brailsford's argument is that economic facts have outstripped both the political organization of the world and its political prejudices. The technique of modern industry requires, and one way or another is enforcing, world combinations and world-markets. But Nationalism, that little mean prejudice of the past, is thwarting such development at every point. The political attitude is reflected in the treaty of Versailles, in the parcelling out of Eastern Europe into jealous exclusive states, in the withdrawal of the United States from the League; the economic urge, in the formation of huge combines indifferent to political frontiers, and in the appeal of the Soviets to world-revolution with a view to world-consolidation. Looking out, with his clear sight, on this scene of conflict Mr. Brailsford considers the alternatives. A continuation for any long time of the present uneasy equilibrium he rejects as contrary to all history and all probability. An ultimate subjugation of the world, either by the United States or the Soviets, he conceives to be possible, but only at the cost of world-war which will destroy civilization. There remains, as the only alternative which might lift mankind to a higher plane, a reconstruction of the League of Nations.

To the weaknesses of the present League, Mr. Brailsford is anything but blind. While most of its supporters are dandling and soothing the problematical infant, apologizing for its debility by its very tender years, he suggests operation after operation as the only possible chance for its life. He sees clearly enough that it has only intervened with success where small Powers were concerned. He recalls Vilna, Corfu, Egypt, above all China.

A quarter of the human race engaged in civil war, an exercise which the Covenant does not mention. But the civil war was complicated by the military activities of more than one great Power belonging to the League. China remained throughout these events a member and her election to the League Council was actually celebrated by a salvo of British guns. Her promotion coincided with the murderous bombardment of Wahnsien. It was possible for the British expeditionary force to sail to Shanghai without the League's noting that any danger to the world's peace had occurred. So completely had Geneva ignored China that one might suppose that it was still unacquainted with Marco Polo's explorations in that quarter of the globe.

But while thus uncovering the weakness of the League where great Powers are concerned Mr. Brailsford gives generous tribute to its achievement in financial reconstruction, in the fight with disease, in its economic proposals, and its labor legislation. Most of this work, it is true, is still rudimentary; but in it he sees the promise of the future. For the same forces that are internationalizing business and finance are also internationalizing the problems they create. It is a race for life between the national state making inevitably for war, and the internationalism that may yet save the world.

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But it will not do so if the world declines to take any action to meet the new conditions. Ultimately Mr. Brailsford, like Mr. Wells, is clear that some kind of world federation must replace this foolish, blind struggle of nationalism. But before that can come, very radical transformations in the powers of the League must, and he half believes can, be achieved. The members, that is the great Powers, for they must give the lead, should bring themselves to sign unlimited treaties of arbitration, abolishing the right of private war. The League's supervision of mandated areas should become more effective and be extended to non-mandated territories. International trade disputes should be adjusted by League courts. The League should regulate the distribution of raw materials and staple foodstuffs. When these, and such like changes have been made, then, and then only, in his opinion, can disarmament have any chance of genuine acceptance. These are developments so drastic that most men will be inclined to dismiss them as chimerical. Mr. Brailsford is conscious of this reaction; but he has a last word which should be pondered.

These, it may be said, are exacting demands. They presuppose the decay of national sovereignty. They require an international morality far beyond our present stage of evolution. They demand, in short, rather centuries than a generation for their gradual adoption. It may be so. But in that case our fate will overtake us while we are still admiring the slow progress of history. The world cannot count on geological ages for the development of its social sense. The Society which cannot adapt itself promptly to the rapid changes of its environment is doomed to perish. Peace is no longer in the modern world a lofty ideal. It is the condition of our survival.

As Others See Us

SOUTH AMERICA LOOKS AT THE UNITED STATES. By Clarence H. Haring. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

IT is extraordinary, Professor Haring thinks, after spending a year in South America studying conditions there for the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University, "what our countrymen and women will do when freed from the restraints of the home town. Either the reservoir of innate vulgarity in the provincial middle-class of the United States is much greater than in the same class in Latin countries or the latter rarely obtain the means to travel abroad and impose their shortcomings upon the suffering foreigner."

The Harvard professor gives many examples. Early in 1925, some six hundred American businessmen arriving in Buenos Aires on a tour, received the hospitality of the Jockey Club, and so misbehaved themselves in the club enclosure and about the bar that the club felt compelled for a time to shut down on visitors' privileges to all foreigners. An American congressman who attended the Pan-American Good Roads Conference in Buenos Aires in 1925 "made himself notorious by his bluster and his appetite for publicity." An American senator visiting one of the newspaper offices was so rude that the Associated Press correspondent had to go round afterward and apologize for his bad manners. Professor Haring himself heard another of our legislators, when politely asked to leave the dance floor of the Union Club at Panama, because he and several of his friends had appeared at a formal function in business clothes, invite the president of the club to step outside so that he might "punch his face."

Everyone acquainted with Spanish America knows that such examples are only too typical. The last time I touched at Havana, the more responsible members of the permanent American colony were mopping their brows over the behavior of an American Senator to whom the Cubans had tried to be unusually courteous. A special session of the Senate had been held in his honor, and the distinguished gentleman was so drunk at the time that he not only didn't come, but didn't even send word that he was indisposed.

In Maracaibo, Venezuela, where oil doubled the population in a few years and turned a comparatively pastoral neighborhood into a more or less roaring American oil camp, there is, or was, at any rate, until recently, a more excusable, but scarcely less unfortunate situation. "Great numbers of American oil men have flocked in and taken possession," says Professor Haring, "treating the natives, whom they affected to despise, in grog-shops and on the street as dust beneath their feet." At the same time prices went up, food ran short, and manual laborers were drawn from the fields where there was already not enough of them. Such phenomena are more or less inevitable "when a primitive agricultural region is suddenly exposed to the sudden assault of intensive capitalistic development," but the personal relations between the newcomers and the natives might have been less unfortunate, Professor Haring thinks, had the oil companies taken more thought about the control of their personnel in the field. He suggests that lately they have begun to do so, and mentions, in reassuring contrast, the "social program" of the American copper enterprises in Chile which he says have set, in this respect, "an example to the world."

Going back to the more philosophical bases of misunderstanding, Professor Haring mentions the conception associated particularly with José Enrique Rodo's little book, "Ariel," which appeared some twenty-five years ago. "Don't let yourselves be seduced by the material power of Caliban (the United States)," said Rodo, "raise your eyes to Ariel, genius of the air and of the spirit." Rodo defined Americanism as "the utilitarian conception of the idea of human destiny, and equality at the mediocre as the norm of social proportion."

This notion, which made the basis of countless dithyrambic editorials in the 1900's and is still held by many of the older generation of educated Spanish Americans, is becoming somewhat old-fashioned now. The stronger South-American nations have become more self-sufficient; the Great War, with its accent on the rights of small nations, and the League which grew out of it, have taken away from the weaker Spanish-American countries much of their psychological isolation; and the Russian Revolution had turned the accent, among the younger radicals in quite another direction. Last summer, at Williamstown, for instance, I, myself, heard a clever young Peruvian, who had had an Oxford experience and been exiled from his own country by President Leguia, take pains specifically to disown the Caliban-Ariel contrast, and to say that the younger South-American "intellectuals" were distrusting their own politicians as well as ours, and thinking nowadays more of the rights of the underdogs in all their countries. Our aloofness from the League, has, however, not served to decrease Latin-American distrust.

The references made here to Professor Haring's book are purposely taken from its more concrete and gossipy passages. He discusses elsewhere the different South-American nations themselves, barriers of race, economic penetration, the Monroe Doctrine, propaganda, Pan-Hispanism and Pan-Latinism, and kindred matters. Much of it is rather familiar, and in general the manner is dull—especially for a writer fresh from a South American visit—but it must be recalled that his book is by way of being a report to an academic bureau of research and it seems to be regarded as unorthodox to make such works too interesting. In any case, his findings are useful and timely, especially in view of the recent debates at Havana and of Col. Lindbergh's good-will flight.

Some friends of the late Dr. Henry Bradley have made a selection of his papers as the most appropriate memorial of his eminent services to scholarship. An editorial committee formed in Oxford has collected and sifted the material, with the advice of scholars representing the learned societies of which he was a member. The papers are placed in sections to illustrate the range of Dr. Bradley's contributions to learning, and preference has been given to those pieces that are not easily accessible. Each section has been assigned to an editor, and the bibliography, compiled by various hands, is as complete as is now practicable. An introductory memoir has been written by the Poet Laureate.

The volume will be a small quarto, finely printed in the Fell types, and illustrated by a photogravure portrait and a specimen of handwriting. It will be issued to subscribers at the price of six dollars, post free. A list of the names of all subscribers will be printed in the volume. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.

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A Rare Original

THE DIARY OF HENRY TEONGE, Chaplain on Board H. M.'s Ships *Assistance, Bristo* and *Royal Oak*. 1675-1679. Transcribed from the original manuscript and edited with an introduction and notes by G. E. MANWARING. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927.

THE FRANTIC ATLANTIC. By BASIL WOON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

UPON reading Henry Teonge, his diary, one wonders how the superstition ever arose that parsons are unlucky on board ship. Nothing could the better dispel such a belief than a glance within this book. Was ever a clerk in Holy Orders more sib to life at sea or better shipmate than this naval diarist, Chaplain on board His Majesty's ship *Assistance*, whose keen description of seafaring in 1675-1679 is set out in this handsome volume of The Broadway Travellers series. Humor (often broad enough), insight humane and tolerant, observation, shrewd and penetrating, are all conjured from "a little jugful of ink" that his kindly landlady brought for a parting gift to him as he lay, the blue peter at the fore, at anchor in the Downs.

Here is no studied effort to intrigue the reader. Like Samuel Pepys (his contemporary) he could have had no cold reviewer in his mind when he penned his intimate communings. Humble in aim and circumstance, the cheerful scribe would doubtless think little, ill or well, of his writing. Certainly his would be a scholarly hand, for was he not admitted sizar of Christ's College at Cambridge at the early age of sixteen? But it would be for himself alone he set down the incidents of a cruise abroad: for himself, yes, but I can imagine him quoting his quips in the gun-room, and hear, after two centuries and more, the echo of his shipmates' loud acclaim at his humorous turnover of events.

A day here and a day there. The pauper parson "finding" a ragged towel on the quarter deck "which I soon secured" (that would be before the advent of the ships' corporal and his "scran" bag), the rogueish Reverend describing, humanely, tolerantly, the saturnalia of a seventeenth century sailing day. ". . . others kissing and clipping; half-drunk, half-sober or rather half-asleep; choosing rather (might they have been suffered), to go and die with them than stay and live without them": the devout Chaplain noting time and text for every Sunday's discourse: the perfervid patriot writing proudly of heroics at Malta. ". . . a boat with the Maltese flag in it comes to us to know whence we came. We told them from England; they asked if we had a bill of health for prattick, viz. entertainment; our Captain told them that he had no bill but what was in his gun's mouths."

A gallant life afloat. On every page the drinking of healths to loved ones ashore or the thunder of saluting cannon—and an ear intently cocked to mark the number of the guns returned as compliment. What pageantry at sea the diarist records. No matter that, line and line, the hard lying incidents of seventeenth century voyaging are dutifully recorded, the pennants beckon all the more gaily at the yard-arms when the tempest is weathered and the trumpets sound a brave levite at reassembly of the squadron.

At feasts and entertainments, afloat and ashore, Teonge was ever boon companion and recorder royal. With what sea-whetted gusto he makes count of the dishes spread "at Assera to a treat of our Consul's providing; but such a one as I never saw before. . . . Turkeys, geese, hens, a bisque of eggs, a great dish with a pyramid of marchpane, a dish of gammons . . . and all washed down with store of good wines," the genial Padre doubtless acting toastmaster to the gathering.

Genial, tolerant of the sailormen's lapses from grace, boon companion as he might be when the board was spread, the Reverend Henry was ever zealous in his office. No Sunday passes but he notes text for his sermon or quotes sound reason for an omission in delivery. Does he not stand by at Captain Langston's sick bed as a sterling shipmate could.

'Twas a very tempestous night, and a hard gale. We discover a fleet of ships: they prove to be Hollanders, fifteen sail, and bound for Alicante. . . . Our Captain continues very ill; and I began to fear his death. And this night I sat up by his bedside all night. Many times he would talk very lightsome, and presently again he would talk light headed.

. . . Brave Captain Antony Langston died a very little after 10 a-clock this night. I stood by his bedside.

And if he had some spiritual consolation for his Captain at the parting, he was no less solicitous in his godly care of humbler ratings.

This day I buried in the sea Henry Spencer of Lancashire, who gives all his pay, and what else he had, to his landlady at Portsmouth.

A day here and a day there. The ideal diarist! I have often wondered what particular qualities one must needs possess to become a quotidian recorder of events. Simplicity first. Patience. Humor, for leavening. Speaking as one who handles diaries unnumbered ("My Trip Abroad" bound in levant, gilt-edged, with lock and key complete), I have rarely seen evidence of a serious record of the voyage. In them all, there is a noble space set apart for the Captain's signature. Demure maidens, prim set schoolmarms, even expansive merchants from the middle-west bring them to the windy bridge for my holograph. How often have I wished that I might peep within in hope of entertaining phrase. "My Trip Abroad." Virgin pages! Next time we go cruising on the main I shall make it bargain for an autograph that they read "Henry Teonge" and learn how to keep a proper Diary.

From the wind-swept pages of Henry Teonge's Diary to the cheerful blatter of Mr. Basil Woon's *Superstoria* is a curious adventure in comparisons. The seventeenth century Chaplain takes dinner with

A portrait of Gutenberg recently presented by Gabriel Wells to the Library of Congress.

his brother officers in the great cabin of the *Assistance* at sea in a gale, all a-sprawl on the deck, the beef kids doubtless jammed between their knees, but one hand reserved for a stout grip upon the bottle. The twentieth century sea traveler is advised by Mr. Woon in the proper drills for table reservations.

First of all, examine the dining room to see whether it is—as usual in big ships—of two stories, the main saloon downstairs and a surrounding balcony above. If there is a balcony, obstinately refuse any table elsewhere. Experienced travelers invariably choose the balcony. Why, nobody knows. It is another of those puzzling mysteries of the sea. But it is a fact that the "downstairs" crowd in a big ship are not only literally beneath those who eat above, but are so considered figuratively as well.

"Who is he?" you murmur.

"Oh—nobody much. Has a table downstairs!"

Reputations aboard ship have been slain for less.

It seems almost an affront to Father Neptune that such a book should be; but withal, "The Frantic Atlantic" is well done and should appeal to the ever augmenting body of travelers to whom the broad decks of an Atlantic liner are but extensions of the trottoir on Broadway. The way of it is so simple. One saunters out of Tex Guinan's or the Khan Perroquet, hails a passing taxi to the North River piers, and steps aboard the *Superstoria* outbound. The Atlantic? Let it await our pleasure in the morning. "Steward! . . ."

The gay transatlantic flaneur saunters around on prospect. The temperature of his bath decided, table sitting arranged (the collects of animism on board ship as decreed above being duly borne in mind) he is at ease on shipboard. A nod here, a wave of the hand there, he recognizes his friends—the old seasoned travelers who know the ropes. The ladies? As yet, recumbent in deck chair and swathed in steamer rugs, he sets them in their orbits. Here, Miss Gloryana Goldenbosch from Hollywood, and there Mrs. X Van X. Y. Z. on her way to Paris to establish the necessary residential qualification. All very simple.

But Mr. Woon, if perhaps overly familiar with and appreciative of the super hotel afloat, is not neglectful of the sea and the ship. In a chatty manner brimful of humor, he discourses from his corner seat in the smoking room upon all manner of shipboard subjects. "How far is the Horizon?" "The mensuration of a knot." (Though why he should convert nautical into land miles in an effort to guess the "pool" I am at a loss to understand, the ship's run being always registered in sea or nautical miles). "The size of waves," and so on. A short informative chapter upon the history of shipping is given.

The book is easy to read. Paragraphic. Information, the thing. As a good "bed book" for the enquiring passenger, it is to be commended. Mr. Woon purveys delightful chuckles. Using the argot of the seasoned traveler he makes, *click*, the point.

You will sail from New York, of course. Think of arriving at Southampton or Cherbourg or Havre on a boat hailing from anywhere. Far better had it been, in that case, that you had stayed at home and had never crossed the Atlantic at all. For throughout your trip fellow travelers will ask the standard questions:

See the exchange to-day?

Uh-huh. Dollar down again. Gotta get some francs.

What hotel you at?

Grand.

You ought to come over to the Majestic. Now *there's* a hotel.

What ship you come over on?

You moisten your lips, for this has happened before, and repress a desire to tell him Aquitania or Leviathan or France. Instead you tell the truth.

The—the Aloysia.

The *what?*

The Aloysia. She's—she's a mighty fine boat—"

Never saw her name in the N'York papers.

She doesn't sail from New York. She sails from Boston.

Whereat the fellow traveler will utter one scathing and scornful "Oh!", look you up and down with a sort of withering have-you-got-your-rubbers-on expression, snort pityingly, and turn his back on you forever.

No, no; decidedly you must depart from New York.

It is understood that all balcony table accommodation is being considered by the shipping companies. However, old Father Neptune, who has a spite at the cut beams that make possible the hanging gardens on shipboard, may revise this edition of "The Frantic Atlantic."

A Toy Napoleon

THE WOLF CUB. By MAURICE SOULIÉ. Translated by FARREL SYMONS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

THE general appearance of the exterior, as well as the title of Maurice Souilé's book, suggests a novel so strongly that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would jump to the conclusion that it was a work of fiction. The specialized student, or the man knowing his northern Mexico would recognize the Wolf Cub as Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, a man who tried to do a big thing in the filibustering way but failed because he lacked executive ability and all that comes in its train, meaning money and men. For Gaston was one of the world's romantic rascals who dreamed better than he wrought and talked better than he fought. Like Cambiaso who tried to make himself king of Patagonia in the 1850's, he could be very eloquent and very dramatic, even solemn and pompous on occasion, but he sorely lacked flexibility of mind. To make a book out of his adventures is a daring thing because Gaston's historical record sadly lacks body, while the minor characters that revolved about him are still slimmer.

The docket gives Gaston's birthplace as Avignon, his year of birth as 1817; his schooling was Jesuit and his record that of one given to selfish pleasures and rough combativeness; then Paris, where he lived a life of ease and wrote an unimportant novel; then the *mal de siècle* attacked him and he ran for office only to be defeated; then emigration to California with expectation of finding tons of gold, but a reality as a sort of longshoreman; then a dip into Mexican politics at a dangerous time when the masterly Santa Anna was aiming at dictatorship, and so death by execution in his thirty-sixth year. And the Mexican invasion has almost an *opéra bouffe* air because of the crudity of Gaston's attempt. The adventure was shot through and through with silly intrigue, blundering, incompetence; for the man was void of all the qualities that go to make a successful chief. Indeed it is not a matter of certainty

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intended to do. "To establish in Sonora a sort of military, agricultural, and industrial company, able to cope with the Apaches and to make the mines accessible," was how he announced his aim, but he certainly did not envisage things, certainly did not foresee related lines of activity bearing on the project, certainly was incapable of stimulating others as successful military adventurers have stimulated their followers. In short, he seems to have been a bundle of ill-assorted enthusiasms with only the vaguest idea of the political and social problems that were necessarily involved in his nebulous scheme. Yet he went to Mexico City, interviewed President Arista who was as poor an executive as the Frenchman, and, after shady transactions in the way of briberies, considered himself supported by government and public sentiment but did not take the trouble to inform himself about possible opponents, financial and military and political. However, he recruited a band of some two hundred men at San Francisco and sailed for Guaymas where he dawdled for almost a half year during which time opposing interests, both Mexican and English were busy, they having in mind exploitation on their own account. In October Gaston moved on Hermosillo and took the town. By November he had evacuated it and was on his way to San Francisco, sick with dysentery, and so ended the first invasion. Nor was the second attempt a wiser or better planned one. From beginning to end there were delay and uncertainty, with Gaston sometimes intense, sometimes doubtful and hesitating. So mistakes and incompetence had their natural result and the man who would be emperor met the same fate as Walker of Nicaragua, his sometime model.

Certainly it is idle to speculate upon what might have happened if something that did not happen had happened; nevertheless, we get a hint of desire for power and personal aggrandizement from a letter that he wrote, which ran, in part: "Property in half the lands, mines, and placers where I plant my flag is secured to me . . . The extent of these concessions is unlimited and will be bounded only by the progress of my company . . . I can hope for fortune and fame." So, had he been the strong, ambitious man, had he possessed skill in management, had he been gifted with that masterfulness which pioneering demands, had he been one to stimulate and control, what would have been the result? Obviously not order, but social and political disturbance—burning, bombarding, shooting, destroying, and subjugating the weak. Industrial slavery was the man's paramount aim and talk of French domination was probably nothing but a pretence to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation.

* * *

But the author does not see his hero in that light. Quite the contrary. Indeed, M. Maurice Soulié seems to write with the stout-hearted conviction that Gaston's career should, by rights, pass as heroic—that his deeds were sufficiently brilliant to merit world notice—that the affair of a third-rate adventurer was a tragic idyll, so to speak. But then M. Soulié has in him a strain of romanticism. His men of the west, as he conceives them to be, have all the impossible attributes of a conglomeration of the heroes of Captain Mayne Reid, and of Archibald Clavering Gunter, and of those inexpressibly diverting gentlemen who wrote Parisian wild-west stories forty years ago. His western plainsmen do things like this. Close searching is not necessary to find stage pictures, many of which would seem to be inevitable consequence of close study of Messrs. Tom Mix, Douglas Fairbanks, and Hart, for whom, I am told, the French have affection. Perhaps it is a little too sweeping to say that close study of screen pictures is responsible for many of M. Soulié's emotional climaxes, but you have only to compare such pictures with the scenes depicted by straight-seeing, matter-of-fact men who lived and wrote in the days of Gaston to realize the melodramatic falsity of them. There were, in those days, murder and rape and theft, just as they exist today wherever there is a rush for gold or for oil, but there was mighty little staginess, or cumulative dramatic effect, or heroics of the heavily conventional kind. I contend that almost all such dramatic pictures are quite as false as the idyllic picture of life that Izaak Walton made; quite as untrue to human nature as those exaggerated pictures of men with criminal propensities which the dramatist John Webster made; quite as impossible as some of the situations that Poe conjured up for his tales of terror. But they make mighty good reading, all of them. And so does M. Soulié make mighty good reading.

Two Women Poets

HAPPY ENDING: The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $2.

LITTLE HENRIETTA. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

THOSE who were certain during the lifetime of Louise Imogen Guiney that her work would come to be recognized as among the rare and distinctive contributions to American literature, could scarcely have been prepared for the speediness with which this recognition has come about. It is now seven years since Miss Guiney's death and in that period a substantial body of criticism has grown up, devoted both to her work and her personality. The exhaustive "Life" by E. M. Tenison, the more intimate biographical study by Alice Brown, the two volume edition of her Letters, many articles both in the English and American reviews, and lastly her "Collected Lyrics," issued as an enlarged edition of her own selected poems, "Happy Ending."

She, who in her life was known only to the elect, is already a legend, and her Celtic beauty, her wit, her profound, but lightly worn, learning, her romantic adherence to Carolinian and Cavalier, —have invested her in the public mind with something of that charm which she wore so preëminently for those who came within the radius of her personality. There is even a danger that the personal side may obscure the creative, a possibility to be deplored, since Miss Guiney was a poet who belonged to the high fellowships, a poet of a passionate preoccupation with all that was beautiful and enduring, who gave herself as a vicarious offering to the reclaiming of forgotten names, but who always invested them with a personal poignancy which made them live in her art. How well I recall after her death coming upon the lines which she had written at the grave of Hazlitt and being moved by them as if they had been her own epitaph:

Therefore sleep safe, thou dear and battling spirit,
Safe also on our earth, begetting ever
Some one love worth the ages and the nations!

Falleth no thing that seemed to thee eternal.
Sleep safe in dark Soho: the stars are shining,
Titian and Wordsworth live; the People marches.

Not that Hazlitt belongs with the forgotten names, but that she brought to these names, which so lived to her, the same passion which she felt for a nearer idol like Hazlitt. One of the most moving incidents in her Letters is that in which she refuses to write the Life of Hazlitt for the English Men of Letters series, when importuned by Clement Shorter, because she felt that after the work of Birrell she had no new contribution to make. "It is not the first time that I have come to the winning post when the race was over," she says in a letter to Mr. Shorter, and again, "Don't ask me into jousts for all my lances are broken."

This reactionary mood was unhabitual, wholly the opposite, in fact, from that which carried her through a period in which she was alien, but twice in her life it was wrung from her when she saw the thing which she had most longed to do slip from her hand because she could not turn from the practical necessities to accomplish it. The other and more acute pang was in learning that Professor Saintsbury was at work on an exhaustive study of the minor Carolinian poets, the identical work upon which she had wrought but which, from temporal handicaps, she could not bring to fruition.

She had spent years in the "enchanted Bodleian" delving, often in the manuscript department, to rescue the memory of some poet. Nothing fine escaped her and one recalls her delight in the passage by Christopher Smart where he speaks of "the quick, peculier quince." "Isn't it by those light, homely touches, so bitingly true, that we detect poets?" She preserved in all her studies that ecstasy which slips away from the professional scholar and time was all too short for her to spend, though without reward, upon the work to which her inclination called her. She had a prose style so keen and pungent and a sense of values so unerring that she might have become the critical arbiter of her day, had she been of that day; but she was of an earlier time, a time that seemed to her nearer the source of beauty.

When, in 1909, in one of her infrequent visits to America, she chose from her complete poetic work what she termed the "less faulty half" and issued the volume as "Happy Ending,"—the finality of the title brought forth surprise and protest. As she was still under fifty and in the prime of her powers and had published within a twelvemonth her superb "Beati Mortui," one of the great mystical poems of English literature, it seemed unlikely that she would abandon an art in which she was just coming to her fullest expression. It is true, however, that although she lived for ten years more, she published, in that period, practically no verse, the conditions of her life precluding her from devoting herself to what would bring but a spiritual return.

Not many poets relieve time of his office as a winnower, and it may well be that Miss Guiney's taste has been too exigent, but it is certain that what she has allowed to remain will carry her name to the future for a quality unique and distinguished, something as individual as that which set Emily Dickinson apart, if less isolated and introspective. The two women necessarily bring each other to mind for a certain sparse economy of method, but Miss Guiney's work is warmer, from the strain of the Celt, and richer from its seventeenth-century background. The one is of England in its chivalrous and romantic period, the other of New England in its yet bleak and repressed puritanism. The fostering of the two was wholly unlike, for Louise Guiney escaped as soon as possible even from the later and more tolerant New England into which she was born. She belonged to the reign of the Stuarts and there was no use in trying to convince her that she had an obligation to the twentieth century.

* * *

She was born for an epic day, born to consort with heroes and martyrs. Her imagination played constantly about the valiant, the high-souled, who knew no expediency, who fell in the wars or went to the block, equally confident and unperturbed. Her romantic learning centered about personalities to whose valor she dipped her plumes, but she could feel equally the struggle of an austere nature like Matthew Arnold, out of touch with an age slipping too fast from its spiritual moorings, or the impetuous temper of Hazlitt, impatient of any compromise with half-things or with the Philistine.

She had the passion for perfection which took no account of the arduous means, the long and painful consecration to an art whose winning of adherents must be far hence, and the mystical passion, the surrender of the temporal to the eternal, which, without dogmatic implication, makes the very essence of her poetry. Although like Shelley she could never quite get her bearings in Time, she moved in a clear light in her own little world of Eternity, and no matter what frustrations life brought to her, the whole message of her art is to trust it and coöperate with it. She could write lines like ringing hoof-beats or lines with the nostalgic ache of one who comprehended so well what beauty is and how dearly it is compassed. She knew those who had compassed it in the past and many poems in "Happy Ending" are in tribute to them. Her own style, so taut and virile, borrowed nothing from those whom she celebrated. Although she had such wide learning, she was the least derivative of poets, and the sharp pungency, the tang of her packed and pregnant lines, can be traced to no progenitor.

* * *

Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese presents the phenomenon of a lyric poet whose impulse, far from being spent with the years, goes on taking to itself new vitality. In fact, Miss Reese has not only been more productive in the past five or ten years, but there has entered into her work in that period a new note, something more sharp and incisive, a bit, perhaps, of the disillusion that is abroad in the air in these days. Yet this note is not tinged with the cynicism, the too-sophisticated awareness, which has bred a smart school of poets, who can startle, but neither charm nor waylay. Miss Reese cannot choose but do both of these things, the gift is inherent.

Recently she has added to her volumes one small and intimate, but which holds within its compass some of the truest and most exquisite work which she has done, the elegy of a little child, which would more happily have been issued under the designation often used in the book of the "Small Beloved," but which bears the more specific title of "Little Henrietta."

It is not too much to say that Miss Reese's elegy should take its place with the enduring poems which celebrate some radiant little life. All of the quali-

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ties of great poetry are demanded by this theme which is as deep and as old as life itself. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," holds its eternal mournfulness, and that question which all such elegies must answer, "Is it not well with the child?" lifts also this theme into that of high poetry

Miss Reese is so much the artist that her restraint moves one more than another's lamentation. Always she has had the gift of recreating by a touch something that time had taken for its own, of making dead things quick again. For this she will be known among the singers, and it is this gift, native to her, that makes her more fit than others to write an elegiac poem. For the elegy must recreate for the reader the life which it depicts and yet leave upon his mind a sense of loveliness in its withdrawal. This is exquisitely accomplished in "Little Henrietta."

Deep Implications

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT. By JAMES STEPHENS. The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are those who have sought to establish rules for the short story, to fashion for it a Procrustean bed. But a set of rules is deduced from a set of particular examples. A set of rules is but a pendant to the art of literary creation. It is one thing to take the watch apart to see how the wheels go around, quite another thing to make life tick from the page to the passing of timeless time. Like any other intensely idiosyncratic artist, James Stephens has no concern whatever with formulæ which merely follow the Event.

You will find this collection of stories of his *sui generis*. This makes them but the more impressive. Stephens has been tagged with the appellations "mystic," "leprechaun," "fairy-tale-writer," so often now that the real image of the man is apt to be distorted out of all resemblance, as in one of those concave Coney Island mirrors. For all the play of his acrobatic fancy, this writer has always been fascinated by the bitter fact. Several of these present stories, notably the one that gives its title to the book, deal with dreams,—but the dream in "Desire" crushingly emphasizes the ironic working of fate, or chance, in life; the dream in "Etched in Moonlight," though presented as through a cloudy mirror, is as stark as fact, with "poetic justice" working a horrible revenge at the end. This latter tale, though imparting a certain reminiscence of Poe, is so stripped of unessentials that it stands as an account of something that actually happened, an atavism of deep implications.

The other stories are almost bald narrative. An episode, or a trait of character, is the nucleus of each, clenched in a hard integument. There is no "plot," as magazine readers understand the term. But there is the plot of man's destiny in "Hunger," the steady approach of the footsteps of the inevitable—as there is in the lesser tale, "Darling,"—and beside such simple and bitter sooth the story of how Peggy fell in love with and became engaged to Ned, or of how George "made good" in his father's business (the favorite periodical sort of thing), are the trash that they are. "Schoolfellows" (one of the best) and "The Boss" have this same metal taste. "The Wolf" simply informs us of how a particular "quiet, quiet man" got drunk at a fair. But the course of a whole life is epitomized in the description. When you have read the book through you have absorbed enough individual commentary on existence as it actually is to furnish a good many hours of meditation. And if, in the dream stories, you feel "mysticism," as we call it; to be sure, it is there, but it is there only because, as Stephens makes one of his characters say:

> All life, and all that is in it, is romantic, for we and they and it are growing into a future that is all mystery out of a past no less mysterious; and the fear or hope that reaches to us from these extremes are facets of the romance which is life or consciousness, or whatever else we please to name it.

Without that knowledge (of a poet) the writer could not command the power he possesses to set forth facts significantly. He does so set them forth. And the secret of his selection and arrangement of his material, subjected to analysis, is the secret of the true poet, who—contrary to accepted opinion—deals often with staring facts, not with mere nebulous visions.

The Master of Aix

CÉZANNE. By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE. Translated into English by J. HOLROYD-REECE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $22.50

CÉZANNE: A STUDY OF HIS DEVELOPMENT. By ROGER E. FRY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

WE have here two essays of about equal scale by two distinguished eulogists of Cézanne. Mr. Fry's is accompanied by forty plates —all from the Pellerin Collection (a fully representative group); Herr Meier-Graefe's includes within its one hundred plates all the familiar and some novel examples. It is printed with a lavishness which requires a limited edition and a high price. With the English critic we are dealing with a work of criticism in the usual sense. Everything remains *sub judice*. Mr. Fry expects dissent; it would not outrage him nor cause a righteous apoplexy. From the German critic we have less a work of criticism than a sustained office of adoration—a sort of book of hours devoted to St. Paul the Greater, of Aix. Everything is of a religious certitude. One would not dare to differ. It would kill Herr Meier-Grafe or he would kill you.

Indeed with all its conviction and turgid eloquence, the German's devotional book just fails of being a shade ridiculous. The odd and fumbling thinker and painter is so exalted, that the Platos and Rembrandts seem clearly his inferiors. What saves the situation is merely the respectability of any act of complete homage. Your reviewer feels after all that qualified reverence which one would have before a Voodoo ceremony. A book of hours must be read through and cannot be excerpted. However, a couple of citations may suggest the underlying theology. Meier-Graefe extols Cézanne's "incorruptible Protestantism, the refusal to learn from others what one must find out for oneself, the determination to begin at the beginning and to build the road to heaven with his own hands."

* * *

Now, whatever the value of the Protestant attitude in religion (and the Protestant after all studies the *Bible* and his own theologians) the Protestant attitude in art is simply stupid, implying a rejection of available funded experience. It is, for example, perfectly clear that Cézanne might have learned much to his purpose from Daumier and Manet, and would have done so had his intelligence equalled his tenacity. Indeed any criticism of Cézanne which omits his incorrigible narrowmindedness is seriously defective, for the kernel of power and insight in the man can only be understood in view of its husk of sheer stubbornness and ignorance. To miss this paradox is to miss everything that is essential.

Again Herr Meier-Graefe writes, "Our reality is the quivering point in the chaos. He brought with him, too, no ordinary optimism. The quivering, dancing dot in the chaos can be painted. If the attempt fails, one had better not paint at all, for art, today, exists only to collect our conceptions of the world. . . . If the cosmos is as tattered as ours, art will gather it together in tatters."

Here is a very eloquent expression of neo-romantic solipsism and pessimism. To impute such feelings to Cézanne, however, is to misread him utterly. He lived in a cosmos the understanding of which he humbly left to the Holy Father. A Latin man, he had no sense of chaos, near or far. His microcosm, so far from being a quivering point in the chaos, was a fixed and orderly reality, which offered only usual difficulties to understanding and desperate manual difficulties to rendition in paint. In short nothing could be more absurd than to impute to the always lucid Cézanne the tragic Teutonic vehemence and incoherence of his German critic. It is writing of this sort which invalidates in a larger sense a criticism which is often subtle and perceptive in details.

Mr. Fry chooses much safer ground when he treats Cézanne not as a superman but as a painter. He admits frankly the weakness, due to ignorance, and unnecessary ignorance, of the so-called early Barock Cézannes, and that of the figure compositions generally, merely insisting on their splendor of color. He feels that Cézanne's tragically fumbling methods are an impediment to understanding and that generally he realized himself fully only in still life. The heroism of the artist is stressed without overemphasis. The whole temper of the book is urbane and persuasive, without a tinge of that bullying quality which is the defect of Meier-Graefe's essay. Even those who cannot go the whole way of admiration with Mr. Fry will find his criticism charming and enlightening. It will make the half persuaded person or the dissenter hold his dissent more genially in the presence of so honest and patient a struggle as Mr. Fry presents. It is far the best study of the subject that has been made and may be warmly recommended for its clearness, sympathy, and literary superiority.

Mr. Fry, suggesting a parallel with Flaubert, closes on the familiar note that in his maturity Cézanne was a classic artist adding shrewdly, "but perhaps all great Classics are made by the suppression of a Romantic." This seems to solve the paradox of the odd blend of intransigent expressionism and lofty intellectualism in the solitary master of Aix.

A Double Star Story

PARACHUTE. By RAMON GUTHRIE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

I KNOW nothing of Ramon Guthrie's ancestry. Despite his first name, he may be of the purest Anglo-Saxon stock to the Mayflower and beyond, for any information I have to the contrary. Nevertheless, he does not write like an Anglo-Saxon but like another of the new breed of cosmopolitan, conglomerate Americans, foreshadowed by Walt Whitman, exemplified by Dreiser, and celebrated so eloquently by Randolph Bourne. Possibly, however, the Anglo-Saxon no longer writes like himself. Possibly the post-war *homo sapiens* is much alike the world over. Possibly—nay, probably—all that we ordinarily connote by "Anglo-Saxon" should be regarded as a collection of cultural rather than racial traits. In any event the "genteel tradition in American culture," plainly doomed even before the war, has at last definitely given up the ghost. Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, and numerous others have danced their war-dances on its grave, and now Ramon Guthrie comes, one of the lustiest leapers and stampers of them all.

The most striking characteristic of the new group is a fervent denial of sentiment. They mean war to the death upon the softer, tenderer emotions; to be suspected of pity or sympathy would seem to them the worst of disgraces, except, perhaps, to lose for a moment their sense of humor. The old-fashioned love of humanity, present, as university professors have told us, in all great English literature, is tongueless in this new, hard-boiled school of writers. Man delights them not, no, nor woman neither. "Miles of sidewalks and people flickering by," writes Ramon Guthrie, "young men, old men, women, girls, and all with dead distorted faces, horribly obscene, like gargoyles worn by rain, the same faces that make the ghastly fresco of the Subway, blotchy, bloated idiot faces with evil squints and apathetic leers." And yet these scornful writers, who ought, according to older standards, to be writhing in the misery of their pessimism, are, on the contrary, getting a great zest out of life—the zest of battle, or, what is the same thing, the zest of sport. In this, as in other respects, they are the true spokesmen of the younger generation. Sport, which for so many years has supplied the actual ethical standard in this country (as contrasted with theoretical and conventional standards), is now at last conquering literature as well as life.

* * *

One may thus see a symbolic significance in the fact that the subject of "Parachute" by Ramon Guthrie, who is surely destined to many a future wreath of laurel, is the newest and most romantic of sports, aviation. The novel is a double-star story of two aviators back from the war, recuperating in a hick town military sanitarium somewhere in up state New York. Tony, "the big Wop from Peoria," a splendid animal, cool, courageous, slightly puzzled by the artificialties of custom, but essentially unreflective, and Sayles, a more conventional cynic, nerve-shattered by his war experience, on the border line between genius and madness, and reflective to the *n*th degree, are drawn together by their common detestation of the smug hypocrisy about them until they stage a series of fine dramatic episodes in the Dumas vein. The women of the story fizzle out ignominiously; one feels that possibly they are deliberately quenched by an author determined not to permit them to usurp the center of his manly

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stage. In the besotted feminism of our period this resistance to the charm of the sex (which his heroes hardly share) is perhaps worthy of some note. The book is undoubtedly sketchy, it has no particular merits of construction, but it is written with great verve and power of descriptive phrase. More than all, it is rooted firmly in contemporary life; its aeroplanes rise from the real earth; and it hums with the spirit of real adventure.

In the Days of the Templars

CRUSADE. By DONN BYRNE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

NOVELISTS often have a fierce dislike for their early successes. These triumphs are constantly thrown reproachfully back at them by a public that wants (or thinks it wants) a continuous repetition of what it first approved. In the case of Donn Byrne, "Messer Marco Polo" is the haunting ghost. Because "Blind Raftery" did not roll along with the entrancing cadences of the earlier tale, "Blind Raftery" apparently came near to breaking the hearts of the single-minded Byrneites. And now we have "Crusade," a spirited, colorful, brave romance of an Irishman in Damascus and Jerusalem in the days of the Templars. Already we can hear the cry, "It's not another 'Messer Marco Polo.'" Of course it's not. Why should it be? Donn Byrne wrote it; that fact assures us high narrative, glamorous and crowded. If he should ever recapture the inspiration of his fairy tale of young Polo we should all be of course immensely happy. Perhaps some day he will. But meanwhile "Crusade" is not to be deprecated.

Sir Miles O'Neill is the protagonist. We follow his disgust with the Ireland that was being sobered by the Norman infiltration; his desperate espousal of the Crusade as an escape from boredom; his almost fatal battle with the enemies of the Cross, his capture by a well-disposed band of Arabs, and his convalescence in a friendly home in Damascus. There he finds an Arab girl whom he loves according to the best romantic tradition. Later at Jerusalem he helps to guard the Holy Sepulchre, gets into trouble with the Templars, and finally has to flee—with the maiden Kothra. The fable is pleasant, indeed, and one that gives Donn Byrne full scope for his specialties—warm local color, picturesque character, and lusty detail of physical combat. If he occasionally overdoes these specialties it is through an excess of zeal. Few writers have his energies or his sense for the dramatic massing of material.

In "Crusade" the most enjoyable chapters are those telling of O'Neill's youth in Ireland, of his beautifully peaceful days in Damascus, and finally those that bring to us a sense of the confusion and insanity that attended the crusades. Many readers will relish the slow resentment of O'Neill as he sees corruption, hypocrisy, and vice surrounding the fanatics of Christ; and his contrasting pleasure in the decency and quietness of the gardens belonging to the sheiks Abdallah and Mohammad in Damascus. Certainly, "Crusade" does not do any too well by the crusaders. "Crusade" is credible and persuasive throughout, and if it is in places too highly documented to be easily readable, we forgive the fault almost at the instant of its commission.

Crime and Discovery

THE GREENE MURDER CASE. By S. S. VAN DINE. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. VAN DINE, or Mr. Willard Huntington Wright if the ingenious deductions of Mr. Bruce Gould of the New York *Evening Post* are correct, has proved in "The Canary Murder Case" that he can write a detective story that has both interest and plausibility. In his new tale, he demonstrates again his ability to assemble and resolve a combination of circumstances baffling in appearance yet explicable on rational grounds. To be sure, were it not for the fact that the actual annals of crime furnish incidents more gruesome and depravity no less hideous than those here depicted one would be tempted to cavil at Mr. Van Dine's inventions, on the ground that human nature is incapable of quite the baseness which motivates his tale. Yet since truth can apparently outdo fiction even in the accomplishment of wrongdoing, one must grant Mr. Van Dine the iniquity of his villain and admit the skill of his romancing.

His story is carefully planned, well articulated, and the interest sustained throughout. But Mr. Van Dine, it seems to us, endows his amateur detective with insufferable affectations, and writes with remarkably little distinction of style—especially for Mr. Willard Huntington Wright. He is, however, resourceful in working out the details of a plot which we shall not divulge but which is warranted to carry the reader through to the end of the story with no abatement of interest.

Free Speech

THE STORY OF CIVIL LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES. By LEON WHIPPLE. New York: Vanguard Press. 1927. 50 cents.

Reviewed by ZECHERIAH CHAFEE

THE Bills of Rights are the noblest yet the most fragile portions of our national and state constitutions. Officials are naturally not solicitous about preserving restrictions on their own activities, and these safeguards of liberty are quickly brushed aside by governments or by mobs unless there is a widespread and strong popular conviction of the importance of freedom. Therefore we must not take constitutional guarantees for granted. They must be turned into facts by human wills. It is well for us to realize keenly how far the "spotted actuality" of life—as Henry Osborn Taylor calls it—falls short of the ideal which great thinkers wrote into our fundamental documents. The account in this book of such shortcomings makes gloomy reading, but valuable because easily forgotten in moods of complacent satisfaction with our institutions.

The author was formerly a professor in the University of Virginia School of Journalism, who lost his position because of his war-time opinions, an encroachment on academic freedom of which he makes no mention. His narrative ends in 1917 and covers our previous history since national independence. The opening chapter, "First Interpretations," shows the founders of our constitution often disregarding their own principles of open discussion for the purpose of suppressing an outspoken antagonist, revolutionists silencing Tory prayers in the churches, mobs overawing opponents of the proposed Federal Constitution in Philadelphia and its supporters in Rhode Island, Jeffersonians prosecuted under the Federalist Sedition Act and a Federalist tried later for vilifying Jefferson. Chapter II covers the period from 1830 to 1860 when mobs were frequent, and narrates the Baltimore riots against opponents of the War of 1812: the Anti-Masonic excitement; the "Native American" persecutions with the burning of the Ursuline convent in Charlestown, to which there is an interesting allusion in Professor Shaler's Autobiography; Mormon pogroms; and the Dorr War. The sufferings of the Irish in early election riots suggest one reason for their subsequent solid political organization. The next two chapters deal with the Abolitionists and the Civil War. Familiar excuses for suppression crop up in the official report blaming the burning of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia by a mob on the imprudence of the Abolitionists who met there, the indictment of Abolitionist newspapers as nuisances in New York, and the order of the trustees of a Cincinnati Theological seminary forbidding associations to debate slavery as too absorbing for health and the most favorable prosecution of study, and touching subjects of great national difficulty. Social pressure was exemplified in the exclusion of one Abolitionist from membership in the Boston Athenæum and the inability of another to get insurance on his property or to discount his paper at the banks. As always, the victims of intolerance were tempted to use the methods of their oppressors as soon as they acquired control.

Chapter V, on race problems, takes up the disheartening treatment of Indians, Negroes, and Asiatics. The Chinese were the cause of such extraordinary legal gymnastics as a California decision that they came within a statute disqualifying Indians from testifying as witnesses, because "In the days of Columbus all the countries washed by Chinese waters were denominated 'The Indies'"; and the San Francisco "Cubic Air Ordinance" requiring 500 cubic feet of space for each person in a sleeping room, under which no whites were ever arrested, but many Chinese were sent to a state prison with only twenty-five cubic feet of air for each inmate. The Pacific Coast has not been the only offender. In 1902 hundreds of Chinese were brutally arrested in Boston for deportation under circumstances of doubtful legality for which no punishment or reparation took place. "Civil Liberty and Labor" discusses violence by workers and employers; the frequent use of private armed guards by employers, "a condition akin to the feudal system of warfare, when private interests can employ troops of mercenaries to wage war at their command," not existing in any other country except China; forcible deportation from towns of members of the I. W. W. and of strike breakers; the suppression of assemblies, as at San Diego in 1912; illegal arrests and detentions of strikers; the illegal kidnapping of Moyer and McNamara for trial in other states without the legal formalities of extradition; the growing use of martial law in strikes, injunctions, a topic not fully covered; the execution of the Chicago anarchists in 1886, after a trial which few would consider just, to-day, although the Supreme Court of Illinois and the United States refused redress and Governor Altgeld aroused widespread hatred when he pardoned the survivors of the condemned defendants.

The chapter on "Freedom of Social Thought" is the most interesting, dealing as it does with the emergence of ideas which are still causing difficulties.

> The new ideas met two opposing forces: the conservatism of the authoritarian classes, and the inertia of the herd mind. The first opposed them because their privileges and profits were best maintained by the *status quo*. The masses opposed them from their instinctive fear of change, bulwarked by traditional religion and morality. This popular antagonism has sometimes been native and spontaneous; oftener it has been aroused and exploited by the ruling classes. They have even been clever enough to align the people against movements clearly in behalf of the people and against these exploiters. Popular opposition to birth control, for example, has been fostered by the classes who profit by surplus labor, yet who themselves limit their own families.
>
> You can change a democracy only by education. The rule of a tyrant is forbidden and you can't use force, for the people *are* the force either by mobs or votes. You must change their minds. In a sense the entire modern struggle for liberty is for possession of the means of changing the people's minds, the means of education and the means of communication. They may be viewed as one, for communication in a large sense is but a public way of teaching.

But we cannot leave unquestioned the impression which the book creates, perhaps unintentionally, that the restrictions on civil liberty before 1917 were nearly as serious as those after that date. Our history, until the World War, furnishes a long list of protests by influential persons against suppression, many of which are mentioned in this book. The Sedition Act of 1798 was continued by a narrow margin against the objection of Federalists like Marshall. Jefferson's first inaugural, not quoted in the book, is an eloquent declaration of faith in the safety of tolerance. William Ellery Channing protested against the imprisonment of the free thinker, Kneeland. He and Wendell Phillips denounced the Alton Riots in Faneuil Hall, and the burning of the Ursuline Convent was condemned in the same building by Harrison Grey Otis. Calhoun opposed the exclusion of Abolitionist newspapers from the Southern mails, according to Lindsay Rogers's book on the Postal Power, which gives a different account from Mr. Whipple. Utopian communities with strange customs were tolerated in the 40's. The arbitrary arrests of Southern sympathisers during the Civil War met with strong judicial opposition, and were finally denounced by the Supreme Court in the Milligan case. Contrast the attitude of the courts towards suppression during the World War. It has only been since 1900 that European radicals lost the right of political asylum in the United States.

In short, although there are moments when this "Story of Civil Liberty in the United States" seems like the famous chapter on the Snakes in Iceland, which read, "There are no snakes," still the period covered by the book discloses a deep and widespread belief in the importance of free discussion, which finds little popular or influential manifestation to-day. The grim succession of persecutions which Mr. Whipple relates, coexisted with a ferment of new political and social ideas, numberless meetings on public questions, earnest editorial controversies among many small independent newspapers, the founding of socialistic communities, the unrestricted arrival of refugees from foreign despotisms, and declarations on behalf of liberty in public documents, which will outlive the intolerance of to-day and furnish the best hope of future freedom.

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The Bowling Green

Lyrics for a Burlicue

MY first real infatuation in the theatre was the burlesque show. Lately I've been amusing myself by writing one of my own, to express my idea of what might be done in the way of a native American Chauve-Souris sort of thing. I'm printing some of the lyrics here—partly because I haven't anything else on hand this week, and partly because I'd like to get some producer interested in my idea of what a revue can be like. You mustn't take them too bitterly. Remember that they are intended to be sung, not to be analyzed in print. And remember also that they're covered by copyright, they're my property, and an integral part of a show I've written.

GANGPLANK BALLET

(*Disembarking at Havre*)

As they disembark demurely,
Tender flapper, modest spouse,
No one would imagine, surely,
How these ladies could carouse;
How they capered at deck tennis,
How they danced till 4 A.M.—
The endurance of mere men is
Quite inadequate to them.

Ah, not theirs to lean to looard,
Nor to miss the heavy feed,
And the weary bar-room steward
Knows how little sleep they need;
Joined they in the smokeroom ditty
Till the hardened bosun shrank,
And, for creatures young and pretty,
Heavens, what a lot they drank.

With simplicity delicious
Mrs. Middle West is sure
Europe is a land so vicious
Almost everyone's impure:
She set Satan loose and sicked him,
Like that frail of Mrs. Glyn's
She would hope to be the victim
Of a dozen deadly sins.

Paris, town of wicked livers!
Town of villainy and pox!
With pregustatory shivers
She prepares herself for shocks;
But, Oh disillusion sour
When she learns the sad reverse:
Europe surely will devour
Not her person, but her purse.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

TYPES

(*Five old Barnstorming troupers*)

1. The Heavy Lead

I am the Heavy Lead, the Heavy Lead:
When there's Dirty Work afoot, it's Me you need.
My stratagems are lavish,
I can murder, rob, and ravish—
When I stab a man I like to see him bleed.

2. Juvenile

I am the handsome Leading Juvenile:
I often have to suffer durance vile;
But my courage doesn't falter
For she'll meet me at the altar,
They'll play Mendelssohn as we come down the aisle.

3. Heavy Father

I represent the dignity of years,
The parent whom the erring daughter fears:
If you trifle with your virtue
I'll strip you to your shirt, you,
And send you out into the storm in tears.

4. Low Comedian

To relieve you with a little vulgar jest
Is my job, and it is one that I detest:
For the vulgarer I strike it
The more the people like it—
But I could be a Villain with the best.

5. All Together

We can play you any part, no matter what,
According to necessities of plot:
Any rôle, from star to super,
Is all jake for the old trouper
If you'll simply put a nickel in the slot.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WORDS AND MUSIC

Little it matters
The text of a song
Provided it patters
In rhythm along,
If the composer
Just understands harmony
And the girl shows her
Symmetrical charm o' knee,
If the sweet air
Goes oompity-oom
No one'll care
What the words, or by whom.
If there's a tune that'll set people humming
The words can be written by men who do plumbing;
Yes, if the orchestra's got any pep to it
B.F. and G.F. will soon be in step to it.

A word or two
To fit in rhyme
(The stunt is just empirical)
Say skies are blue
For me and you
In summer time
When hearts are true
And if the stuff is lyrical
It sounds just like a miracle.
With cunning hand
Insinuate
Some sex appeal most Eveishly:
The apple and
The skin you ate
Said Eve to Adam peevishly.
The moon is bright
For our delight
The trick's a pipe
Gosh ding it!
Hold me ever,
Never sever,
This is tripe
But it sounds clever
When you sing it.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

CHANTEY FOR COLUMBUS'S SAILORS

(*Tune: variation of "Blow the Man Down"*)

Columbus the dago, Columbus the wop,
Away, hay, blow your own horn,
Columbus's sailors implored him to stop,
We'll blow our own horn, boys, we'll blow our own horn.
They said, in New York we'll be pinched by a cop,
Instead of good liquor we'll have to drink slop,
Bootleggers' booze will soften a corn,
Blow your own horn.

Columbus said, boys you've forgotten the Queen
Away, hay, blow your own horn,
Like all the swell dames she's a bear for hygiene,
We'l blow our own horn, boys, we'll blow our own horn.
The Fountain of Youth that the womenfolks mean
Is American plumbing and pure Listerine,
Bootleggers' booze will soften a corn,
Blow your own horn.

Columbus's sailors were cursing their luck,
Away, hay, blow your own horn.
Hungry and frightened, in mutiny struck,
We'll blow our own horn, boys, we'll blow our own horn.
Said the skipper, there's no use in passing the buck:
Our public expects it and so we are stuck—
Bootleggers' booze will soften a corn,
Blow your own horn.

The sailors aboard of that poor little boat
Away, hay, blow your own horn,
Desired to turn back from their venture afloat,
We'll blow our own horn, boys, we'll blow our own horn.
But Columbus crashed through, and you might as well note
That there always is someone who's got to be goat:
Bootleggers' booze will soften a corn,
Blow your own horn.

THE MISBEHAVIORIST

Obedient to the phobias of the regimented herd,
To the dictates of the masses I have properly deferred:
I always sent out Greeting Cards, and Mothers' Day I kept,
I never wore my Panama beyond the fifteenth Sept.,
And if I wished to send a girl a birthday wire, poor clam
I'd use a Western Union predigested telegram—
Chorus: That'll show you what I am,
Just a boob, a simple Sam,
But I have my one rebellion,
And I stick to it, by damn!
For in one thing, I insist,
I'm a misbehaviorist,
As heroic as they were at Valley Forge—
With amazement hear me speak
My accomplishment unique,
For I never called a Pullman porter *George.*
If four fifths had pyorrhea, I was one of the quartet;
I followed Dr. Cadman, read the Book of Etiquette,
I eliminated poisons with a yeast cake every day,
And I used a Dunhill lighter—till I threw the thing away—
I joined a Book-a-Month club, and in short you will agree
I was just like every other member of the bourgeoisie—
(*Chorus.*)
Now I've lost my Sales Resistance: I'm a Caspar, I'm a sheep;
From my morning Daily Dozen to my chaste twin-bedded sleep
I've been rounded up and herded, my statistics are all known,
And I wouldn't dream of having a Reaction of my own,
My thinking's all done for me, I am standardized, and glad,
For I'll never have the troubles that the heavy thinkers had—
(*Chorus.*)

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

MISS AMERICA

A poet esoteric, a
Walt Whitman or a Herrick, a
Librettist not a cleric, a
More witty man than me
Is needed to make lyrical
And tenderly satirical
That merchandising miracle
Little Miss America
From N. Y. C.

But if you're not fanatical,
Excessively sabbatical,
Or painfully lymphatical
I think you will agree
For riding taxi-carriages
Or instigating marriages
Not a man disparages
Little Miss America
From N. Y. C.

When she has to have a new
Ensemble for the Avenue
She'll give your purse a spavin you
Will heartily deplore,
But her bathing suit is comical
It is so economical
Displaying anatomical
Little Miss America
Down at the shore.

No husband or philosopher
Was ever yet the boss of her
And what the secret was of her
No scientist could trace,
And some suggest that it is eyes,
Or figure of a pretty size,
But no one dares to criticize
Little Miss America
To her face.

And so let peevish Poppa sit
And say what a wild crop is it,
The sex that's known as opposite
Has got to sow its oat:
I never will condemn an inn
That gives me Scotch with lemon in—
Because she is so feminine
Little Miss America
Gets my vote.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Analyzed Rhyme*

POEMS AND SONNETS. By FRANK KENDON. London: John Lane & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

NEARLY four years ago, in England, a young and unknown poet published his first experiment in Analyzed Rhyme. The lyric "I Spend My Days Vainly" (from "Poems by Four Authors," Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, England, 1923) passed without any comment upon its peculiar and original rhyme construction although it was actually quoted and praised by nine out of ten reviewers. In a note appended to a later volume of his verse, Mr. Frank Kendon invited the attention of his readers to the device; but scarcely a leaf stirred in the critical wilderness. There could be no more pregnant comment on the integrity of the people who, for ten years, had been crying in England for some innovation that might extend the capacities of the poetic instrument. No one of them realized that Mr. Kendon had added to it a completely new string. Perhaps in America where the same kind of anxiety expressed itself recently in quarrels and controversies over "Polyphonic Prose,"—that dead ass of John Lyly flogged into some semblance of life by Miss Amy Lowell,—perhaps here some poets and critics may be found to interest themselves in one of the most remarkable inventions any living poet has presented to his fellow artists. With very few exceptions, critics and reviewers alike, on both sides of the Atlantic (less blameworthily in America because Mr. Kendon's "Poems and Sonnets" has been available only in the English edition) have ignored it. Until the writing of this present belated advertisement, little more than a few unregarded whispers have been uttered concerning Analyzed Rhyme.

Mr. Kendon's very simple invention is open to no such objection as both eye and ear might justifiably urge against the many experiments in false rhyming. Instead of seeking for something essentially different from true rhyme he has utilized all the elements it contains and yet achieved a completely new grouping of words on a basis of their common sound. The chief difference between common rhyme and analyzed rhyme is that words are ranked not in pairs, but in sets of four. The method is actually much simpler than it sounds. Simple rhyme consists of an exact echo of the last vowel and consonantal sounds of a word, as in soon, moon; hide, pride. Mr. Kendon takes two such words as soon and hide, but separates the vowel from the consonantal sounds before looking for his rhymes. The *oo* of soon is united with the *d* of hide; and the i of hide with the *n* of soon. This simple analysis produces the rhyming sounds—

oon	ine
ide	ood

as a basis for new sets of words. Thus, by means of analyzed rhyme, an absolute sound relationship can be established between words that have hitherto seemed alien to each other. Here are some examples:

soon	moon
brine	divine
hide	bride
food	pursued

More elaborate examples with double endings appear later. Mr. Kendon's own exposition must be quoted:

A true rhyming termination (says Mr. Kendon) is generally made up of vowel and consonant. "Analyzed Rhyme" takes notice of both elements, as true rhyme does, but splits the endings up and interchanges the vowels. Thus—

I spend my days vainly
Not in delight;
Though the world is elate,
And tastes her joys finely.

Here wrapped in slow musing
Lies my dark mind,
To no music attuned
Save its own, and despising
The lark for remoteness,
The thrush for bold lying,
The soft wind for blowing,
And the round sun for brightness.

O tarry for me, sweet;
I shall stir, I shall wake!
And the melody you seek
Shall be lovely, though late!

Vainly and elate have rhyming vowels and different consonants, so have delight and finely; while vainly and finely have rhyming consonantal endings and different vowels, and so have delight and elate. This, though it rather increases the bondage, which is no real disadvantage, provides an entirely new set of pairs.

But the most effective of all Mr. Kendon's examples is his lovely lyric "From This Fair Night"—

From this fair night to draw sweet music down
A long benighted wind makes harps of trees,
And, not to lose the sight while men's eyes drowse,
The moon gives light and stares upon the scene.

Dew upon dew condenses; from the city
Chimes of far-away bells the hours attune,
The silver landscape, no man walks wherein,
Unto itself is sweet, a secret beauty.

Oh that content, content might softly so
Steal over me and cheat this longing for fame,
That I might love the trees about my home,
Or well enough sing to throw the songs away.

Mr. Kendon is, I think, a little overcautious in saying that "it would be foolish to claim that the effect is exactly the same as that of rhyme." I have personally read these poems to various people, including several well-known poets, who did not notice the difference (especially in verses which employed feminine endings) until it was actually called to their attention. But the truth of Mr. Kendon's suggestion that "this is a new and more subtle tune in words," has, I think, been amply demonstrated by his practice. Analyzed Rhyme has not yet been attempted, so far as I know, by anybody except the inventor and one or two of his personal friends in England. This is not, as might be supposed, due to disinterest so much as to ignorance. Most of the poets who would probably be attracted by the opportunity to experiment with this fascinating form have never heard of it. A time will come when they or their successors will.

(*See page 764 for Wits' Weekly contest in Analyzed Rhyme.*)

*In a forthcoming book, "Some Modern Poets and Other Critical Essays" (Harpers) Mr. Davison will further develop this discussion of Analyzed Rhyme.

A Missioner's Book

AN EXPLORER OF CHANGING HORIZONS: WILLIAM EDGAR GEILL. By PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $4.

AMERICAN evangelism has produced few such travellers as the late Dr. Geill. He was never ordained a minister, but at an early age, immediately after leaving Lafayette College, he consecrated himself a missioner. His first journey, in 1896, was to the Holy Land and the Near East. Thereafter he was almost incessantly on the wing, lecturing, holding revivals, writing books, and penetrating into some of the darkest parts of the world. He conceived the idea about 1900 of making a comparative study of primitive races, and also of looking into the condition of the Christian missions planted among them. The result was an exploring tour of monumental scope, carrying him a total of 120,000 miles. He went to Australia and the South Seas; he visited all nineteen of the provincial capitals of China, and explored the Great Wall to its remotest end; he crossed Africa, and pushed farther into the "pigmy forest" than any previous explorer had done. As Mr. Wilson says, he spent his most vigorous years in making a survey of civilizations and barbarisms which were alike doomed to disintegration and reconstruction. "He saw many things that will never be seen again; and he recorded what he saw."

Mr. Wilson's book is partly a study of a sturdy, courageous, challenging personality; it is partly a narrative of Dr. Geill's wanderings, drawn from the missioner's numerous books, and a summary of his more arresting observations. There are chapters on the African pigmies, the Great Wall, the Yangtze, the South Sea islands, and so on. These give us, in highly readable form, the gist of the explorer's somewhat superabundant writings. Equally interesting is Mr. Wilson's portrait of the mind and soul of the adventurous preacher; a man of singular daring, resolution, and resourcefulness, as of singularly intense religious faith. The book is one to be prized by all believers in and practitioners of Kingsley's "Muscular Christianity."

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A Letter from London

By Hamish Miles

ALL in all, the first quarter of the year has been quiet in London publishing—for three or four of the smaller firms, indeed, the quietness has been that of the grave of bankruptcy. But the publishers' spring, or the curiously elastic season which bears that name, is on winter's traces, and not without its promises.

Some of the books, promised or just published, are worth bearing in mind, for not all of them are likely to appear in America with that promptitude which is the crown of great fame or great notoriety among the English-speaking peoples. So, if I refrain from heralding such obvious "events" of the next month or two as Bernard Shaw's "Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" (well timed to cope with the imminent spread of the franchise to women between twenty-one and thirty!), or John Galsworthy's "Swan Song" (which is to round off the second trilogy of the Forsytes), it is because there is no more useless task than sending such coals to a literary Newcastle.

Biography is still in high favor. In the present transitional state of the art, the form is one of the most dangerous tools a writer can handle. Strachey and Maurois are not nearly so easy as they look; and it would be well if anyone who contemplated an onset upon some figure of the past, near or distant, read Mr. Harold Nicolson's recent study of "The Development of English Biography" (Hogarth Press). It contains many sound lessons in perspective, yet comes from one of the deftest practitioners in the modern "imaginative" school. Miss Iris Barry, for instance, would have done well to put her lively pen through a very severe disciplinary training before she ventured on her recent full-length biography of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with its desperately picturesque patina, its irritating assumption that the reader cannot be trusted with his own imagination. But she deserves thanks, on the other hand, for editing the first modern reprint of a notable piece of eighteenth century autobiography, the "Memoirs" of Mrs. Letitia Pilkington (1712-1750): they contain unrivalled glimpses at close quarters of Dean Swift in Dublin, as well as a mass of vivacious anecdote of the literary London of the pre-Johnsonian era.

A more skilful venture in the Strachey-esque mode is Miss D. E. Enfield's "L. E. L.: A Mystery of the Thirties" (Hogarth Press). Her story is that of Letitia Landon, who was born in 1802, won a brief but very dazzling London celebrity by her poems and novels at a very early age, but ended a curiously unhappy life by suicide in West Africa in rather mysterious circumstances in 1838.

And another essay of distinction by a new hand is the all-too-short study of "Emin, the Governor of Equatoria," by Mr. A. J. A. Symons (The Fleuron Ltd., 300 copies only). Emin is hardly remembered to-day. But it is only just over forty years since that queer, demoniacally industrious little German was rescued, *malgré lui*, by H. M. Stanley from the Central African state which he had himself constructed and ruled with bespectacled benevolence during ten years and more. The story of Emin's career in Equatoria (not to mention its tenebrous prologue in Turkey and Albania) his enforced and semi-triumphant "rescue" by Stanley's well-advertised expedition, and his death at the hands of Arab murderers on his way back to redress the balance of power in Central Africa, is full of obscure adventure and tragi-comic irony. And Mr. Symons has treated it so well that one hopes the essay may some time be more generally accessible than in the present volume—although this edition, very finely printed in a type (the Lutetia) used here for the first time in England, will certainly be valued by connoisseurs of modern typography.

Miss Romer Wilson's biographical portrait of Emily Brontë is to be called "All Alone." The perils of pseudo-novelistic biography seem to me to be lurking within that abruptly mournful title—and Miss Wilson is a writer who can touch depths as well as rare heights—but the promise of such a book (Chatto & Windus) is well worth recording. As also, in a different vein, is that of a life of the late A. L. Smith, Master of Balliol, by his widow: no one who knew Oxford between, say, 1880 and 1920 will willingly miss the memoir of a curiously individual figure in English life. And the "Diaries" of Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, who was Lord North's son-in-law, announced by Constable, contain (as I happen to know from an examination of the manuscripts) a good deal of historical and social matter concerning the England of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, of more than ordinary value.

In the field of criticism, three or four books are likely to be well worth reading. Certainly a re-issue of Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Sacred Wood" is long overdue: it is announced by Methuen. Mr. Herbert Read's book on "English Prose Style" (Bell) will earn the attention of those who see in him one of the strongest and most comprehensive critics of the younger generation. A third number of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *The Enemy* is imminent, and English art and letters have had no healthier purge for years than this one-man review. Mr. E. E. Kellett's "Reconsiderations" (Cambridge University Press), Mr. F. L. Lucas's "Tragedy" (Hogarth Press), and Mr. G. W. H. Rylands's "Words and Poetry" (ibid.), are evidence of the activity of the younger Cambridge group of critics. And in "Scrutinies" (Wishart & Co.) is announced a volume of twelve "unsympathetic critical studies" of such figures (or monuments, if you choose) as Barrie, Galsworthy, Kipling, Moore, Shaw, and Wells, for the most part by writers nearly young enough to be their grandsons. The *parti pris* implied in the sub-title is not very reassuring, but such names among the scrutineers as Edwin Muir, Robert Graves, Roy Campbell, and W. J. Turner, make one hope for the best.

Fiction is too much of a Mississippi to be surveyed in its spring floods in this restricted space. But amid the seething waters one discerns a few rafts of hope: Mr. E. M. Forster is issuing a small volume of four or five weeded-out short stories, the first for many years, entitled "The Eternal Moment" (Sidgwick & Jackson); Mr. T. F. Powys another of his rustic stories, "The House with the Echo"; Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, another of her remarkably successful novels of ancient Greece, "Black Sparta"; and Mr. Edward Sackville-West's "Mandrake over the Water Carrier," is not likely to float by unnoticed. A recent first novel that shows power of analysis of character in a remarkable degree, is Mr. L. Steni's "Prelude to a Rope for Meyer" (Cape); the East End of London's Jewry is its background, and the interplay of sensuality, jealousy, and cruelty leading to the murder that lies implicit in the whole relation of the two leading characters, is handled with something more than mere dexterity.

The keenest competition between the London publishers at the moment is in the field of the popular 3s 6d reprints of copyright books, for the most part non-fiction. The race was started by the success of Jonathan Cape's "Traveller's Library"—a series which is henceforth being continued in conjunction with Messrs. Heinemann, an interesting sign of coöperation between important independent publishers. The reading public reached by these inexpensive and very attractively produced books — Constable, Duckworth, Secker, Chatto, and Lane are so far the leaders—is a large one. And bearing in mind the ultimate ambitions of at least one able young publisher, Mr. Victor Gollancz (whose first score of books is to appear towards the end of April), one may see in their success at least one augury for the possible adjustment of new books' prices to levels more like those which prevail in Germany or France. That, however, is too large a topic to treat of in this letter. For the moment we may rest content that in this matter of good and cheap reprints, England is more fortunately provided for than America.

Prospective travellers to Spain will find entertaining and interesting matter in two foreign books on that country which have recently made their appearance, one by an Italian, the other by a Frenchman. The first, "Penisola Pentagonale" (Milan: Alpes), by Mario Praz, is a beautifully illustrated volume, in which the author puts a damper on the romantic attitude which would proclaim Spain as a land of picturesqueness and variety. Quite to the contrary, he finds it a land of monotony, monotonous in its art, in its customs, its food, its amusements. Octave Aubry, whose "Couleur de Sang" (Paris: Fayard) is a glowing tribute to the country, concurs in some of the charges which Signor Praz makes, but he apologizes for even venturing to find anything in Spain unlovely and waxes enthusiastic over the past where the present is disappointing. His book is delightfully written, and is a gay and entertaining volume.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 27. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best fragment (in not more than forty lines of rhymed verse) from an "Ode to Freud." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of April 23rd.)

Competition No. 28. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short poem in "Analyzed Rhyme" (see page 762). (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 30th.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the revised rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best poem called "The Passionate Policeman to His Love."

Won by STELLA FISHER BURGESS

THE WINNING POEM

THE PASSIONATE POLICEMAN TO HIS LOVE

COME 'long with me and be my Pard!
I'm handing you this little card—
A summons to a life-long lease
Before the justice of the peace.

When first I come here on this block
You gave my heart a dizzy knock;
Old Cupid shot a One-Way Arrow
That whizzed right to my very marrow.

Say, kid, you suited me tip-top!
I raise my glove to make you Stop,
And all the traffic on the Square
Just faded out for me right there.

At first your lamps turned on the red
And I saw danger straight ahead;
But when you'd let me have my say
The signals changed to right-of-way.

If you will come and be my Pard
Your happiness I'll prize and guard.
But, if you're giving me the jeer,
Step Lively now—No Parking Here!

STELLA FISHER BURGESS.

I was astonished by at least a score of competitors who were ignorant (or else deliberately chose to ignore) the obvious reference to Marlowe's lyric. One or two of these slid into seriousness with odd results.

Let come what may intruders of the night,
What robbers, murderers, and others wrong.
For love in me is burning fiercely bright,
And for its sake shall my right arm be strong.

Paid to preserve the peace of the people,
Severed from peace in his inmost soul,
The officer stood at the base of the steeple
Holding the traffic in strict control.

Your voice is getting a little bit flat
And your profession suffers from that.
I've had you to doctors, but all vain,
They cannot detect where is the pain.

But these were preferable to most of the monologues in Irish brogue, or several dialogues between the lovers. J(a)P(e) once again indulged his genius for puns; Hardy Walker wrote a rondeau to the phrase "Your heart is my beat"; others attempted triolets and limericks; but Francis H. Insley's Ballade was the best of the poems that failed to link up with "The Passionate Shepherd."

When Jerry brings the ice are you so slow
To dig around and see that he is fed?
That lad who tends the furnace, Spanish Joe,
You kissed him yesterday. My heart's not lead;
Even a cop has feelings, and I've pled
To you for the last time. Don't try to shove
Me out before I've done, you Bridget, said
The passionate policeman to his love.

This was also, incidentally, the best of a large number of poems in which the conventional cook and policeman courtship was painted in various Marlowelike and un-Marlowelike colors.

Some forty entries burlesqued "The Passionate Shepherd" more or less joyfully. Theodore Schilling bravely retained the actual rhyme words of his model and Lyday Sloanoker almost matched him in spite of

What better than a nest of roses
And Chinee fashion rubbee noses . . .

But the self-imposed difficulties hampered them both considerably. Others, too, hugged their original too closely. Olga Owens ended her policeman's offers engagingly with

A little cell to be thy care,
A view of the electric chair,
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me and be my love.

C. R. S. promised "A belt, a cap, a gun of steel, To reinforce thy sex-appeal," and, J. A. S. B., Marshall M. Brice, and M. M. Simrall, fought hard for the prize which goes to Stella Fisher Burgess for some amusing stanzas. I also print Arjeh's excellent variations on a theme by Mr. Ralph Hodgson.

THE PASSIONATE POLICEMAN TO HIS LOVE

See an old unhappy bull,
Chloris, with his heart as full,
Irregardless, of ambish,
As a chowder is of fish;

Right in line to be a loot,
Chances is, if THEY *don't boot*
Somethin' swift, or politics
Ships me, sudden, to the sticks.

You ain't heard a half of it—
Cops in love ain't delikit—
Cops has got an extry skin—
When you razz 'em, rub it in.

Goes for you; they booked you, speedin'—
Who's the friend that you was needin'?
When your old man bought a jag,
Who was it that had the drag?

Any buzzard in your bunch
Bring the stuff to spike the punch,
Barrin' me? . . . And I'm above in
Everythin', includin' lovin'.

Sure—I see where there's a door—
But that grin's a semaphore,
Tellin' me, like Stop means Go,
There ain't NOTHIN' *to your No.*

ARJEH.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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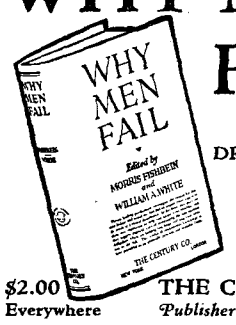

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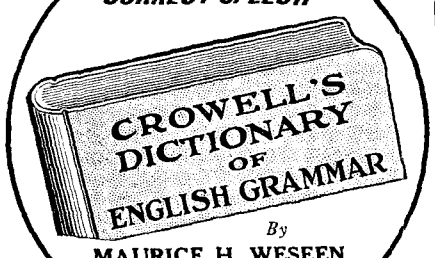

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE SAVOUR OF LIFE: Essays in Gusto. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

These are the fugitive writings of a facile journalist and hardly worth collecting. Mr. Bennett somewhere among them reports, to unnamed critics of his miscellaneous and abundant output, that he is a journalist as well as a novelist, writes for money as Shakespeare and Dickens did, and wants all of it he can get. Which is all right enough, of course. But it is all right enough, too, to remark that Mr. Bennett, while he is a novelist of distinction, is neither a journalist nor essayist of any distinction. These "Essays" are not even distinguished by "gusto."

Biography

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. GRAHAM, AND THE CATHCART CIRCLE. By E. MAXTONE GRAHAM. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

There are many more interesting books about the eighteenth century than "The Beautiful Mrs. Graham." There were circles more interesting than the Cathcarts. The real intellectual life of the times was removed somewhat from the best social traditions, and it is always the intellectual life that counts, whereas the Cathcarts only knew kings. Of course it is entertaining to be admitted into the domestic establishment of an influential family, and to read about the beautiful Mary Cathcart, or to explore the boudoir of the equally charming Louisa. But it seems to us that the author erred in including so many of the family letters, since they are not particularly vital to the disinterested observer. Besides, they are in the worst manner of the period, and, as Remy de Gourmont justly remarked, the eighteenth century wrote very badly without realizing it. And the Cathcarts were no exceptions.

Drama

THE PLAYS OF GEORG BUCHNER. By *Geoffrey Dunlop*. Viking. $2.50.

A BALCONY. By *Naomi Royde-Smith*. Doubleday, Doran.

BEN JONSON'S "VOLPONE." Adapted into German by *Stefan Zweig*. Translated by *Ruth Langner*. Viking Press. $2.

PORGY. By *Dorothy Heyward* and *DuBose Heyward*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Education

FICTION AND FANTASY OF GERMAN ROMANCE Edited by *Frederick E. Pierce* and *Carl F. Schreiber*. Oxford University Press. $2.

AN HISTORICAL GRAMMAR OF JAPANESE. By *G. B. Sansom*. Oxford University Press. $7.

CONTES ALSACIENS ET PROVENCAUX. By *Alphonse Daudet*. Edited by *Russell Scott*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

TRES MESES EN MEXICO. By *Stuart E. Grummon* and *Alfredo de Noriega, Jr.* Scribners. $1.

GOOD READING. By *John M. Manly, Edith Rickert*, and *Nina Leubrie*. Scribners. 96 cents.

PILOTS AND PATHFINDERS. By *William L. Nida* and *Stella H. Nida*. Macmillan.

MODERN LIFE AND THOUGHT. By *Frederick Houk Law*. Century. $1.10.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CARE OF INFANT AND CHILD. By *John B. Watson*. Norton. $2.

A SOCIOLOGICAL PHILISOPHY OF EDUCATION. By *Ross L. Finney*. Macmillan.

Fiction

GINGER ELLA. By ETHEL HUESTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

Ethel Hueston, author of the long series of "Prudence" novels, has again selected a parsonage as the setting for a story for, or at least of, girls. Ginger Ella is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman, a widower who finds himself incapacitated through blindness brought on by over-work, with a houseful of money-requiring daughters on his hands. But poverty, infirmity, and religion are alike unable to quell the adventurous spirits of the girls, especially Ginger Ella. Financial stress is the cause of Ginger Ella's most daring exploit. She sends out a chain letter asking each recipient to mail Ginger Ella a dime and to continue the chain by writing letters to three people asking each recipient to mail Ginger Ella a dime and to continue the chain by writing letters to three people asking, etc., etc. The dimes are requested for a "parsonage home for the Blind," since Ella very reasonably argues to herself that her home is such an institution, it being a parsonage and her father being blind. Letters and dimes pour in until Nemesis appears in the form of a government inspector. Ella totters on the brink of jail, and all the unspent dimes go with the inspector, but the story ends as happily as stories will that start out with that intention.

THE SHADOW OF TRADITION. A Tale of Old Glengarry. By C. HOLMES MACGILLIVRAY. Graphic. 1928. $2.

A tedious, gloomy novel of the semi-historical variety, this book tells of poor Scots immigrants' struggles to gain a foothold in the wilderness of southeast Canada during the close of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth. The scenes of their trials are the Ontario counties of Stormont and Glengarry, bordering the St. Lawrence River, and the chief characters are two generations of Highland Loyalists, the Kennedy and McDonald families, whose lives are depicted for a period of some twenty-five difficult years. War of 1812 incidents which occurred in the vicinity are resurrected, and related in a manner which would rouse the wrath of Chicago's patriotic Mayor Thompson. The whole book is a pæan of praise celebrating the stout virtues of Scots-Canadian pioneers.

DEAR OLD TEMPLETON. By ALICE BROWN. Macmillan. 1927. $2.50.

This is a domestic novel, depicting a modern snarl of relationships, husband and wife, father and daughter, another daughter and another mother, a brother, a fiancé and a near-fiancé. It deals, in part, with the misunderstandings between the older generation, sane, simple, but somewhat dull, and a younger generation that is all nerves and complexes. Miss Brown surveys the scene with a quiet tolerance that breaks down only in her rather savage treatment of Templeton's wife, Amy, the club-woman, and in her positive manhandling of Irene Renfrew, the would-be vamp. The author's love for her title-character, the ineffectual kindly novelist whose attempted realism acquires an unflattering vogue as satire, is perfectly evident and unashamed, but, what is more to the point, it is fully conveyed to the reader. Templeton is delightfully done, a paler brother of Bonnard and Bergerac.

BERRY & CO. By DORNFORD YATES. New York. Minton, Balch. 1928. $2.

This is the second novel of Dornford Yates about the extremely merry Pleydell clan. "Jonah & Co." told of their exploits on the Riviera; "Berry & Co." tells of the same group at their home, "White Ladies," in England. They are as happy and witty and inconsequential as ever, and the chapters, with their amusing titles, seem fairly to bubble up of their own accord like a natural geyser. All the characters talk alike, even a burglar who spends an entertaining and profitable night in the Pleydell town house, but since they all talk as every one would like to if he were able, there is little to complain of in this effervescent uniformity. The tone of high good humor is held throughout the tale, and the ridiculous situations at the author's command seem endless. As he himself says, he writes of people pleasant in their lives, who are out to take their fun where they find it. Anyone looking for a little sparkling vicarious fun can readily find it in "Berry & Co."

ROMAN GOLD. By MICHAEL LEWIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

The improbable theory that inherited memories may be revived in a given personality, when the subject is held under strong mesmeric influence, forms the basis of this mystery romance. In an ancient Devon country-house, three sinister scientists, the Frankford brothers, specialists in mental cases, are conducting dangerous hypnotic experiments upon their afflicted patients. Among the latter are an invalid lady and her daughter, two victims of the villainous quacks, who are being slowly driven demented. Their captors seek to call up in one of these sufferers the past of her remote ancestor, a fifth century Briton, with whom died the secret of where the departing Roman legions buried their immense gold treasure. Naturally, that objective seems a bit far-fetched, but the plot and its treatment are at least startling enough to convey an impression of novelty which holds one's interest keenly to the end.

THE DANCE OF DEATH. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 1928. $2.

This is a volume in Lincoln MacVeagh's "The Fireside Library." The book is subtitled "Masterpieces of Mystery and the Occult," and the stories are selected from Blackwood's numerous fascinating volumes. There are six in all. Of these "A Psychical Invasion" is a Dr. John Silence story, and one of Blackwood's best-known. The book is pocket size and a good introduction to Blackwood.

UP COUNTRY. By DONALD and LOUISE PEATTIE. Appleton. 1928. $2.

"Up Country" begins as an historical romance should, continues as an historical novel might, and ends as a very bad melodrama does. The writing, which is even at the commencement of the book, gradually becomes staccato. All the restraint which characterized the first chapters is gone; and incidents are crowded hard one on another. The tale chronicles the love, marriages, adventures, and misadventures of the hero and his eventual success and happiness.

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.*)

Adventure is always the main ingredient of books for boys, and the light that hangs over strange lands and seas adds its lure to all but one of this selected group of boys' books. The exception, "Rann Braden, Circus Showman," by Rex Lee, (Doubleday, Page: $1.75) substitutes a local, but stimulating environment, that of the Big Tent, and excitement drips from every page. The author's pleasant writing is based on personal experience under the Big Top. Of the main group, travellers all, two stand forth. Easily the best is Sahara Sands, by Warren Hastings Miller (Harpers), a piquantly written and intelligent rendering of the great desert, inhabited here by fascinatingly exotic Tuaregs and archæologists, French and Anglo-Saxon. Second comes "A Sailor of Napoleon," by John Lesterman (Harcourt, Brace: $2.), a solid, unspectacular account of the days when Napoleon obsessed the land and Nelson the sea. A good book—a trifle too solidly historical, perhaps. Third choice, but falling into the more usual type of books in series, comes "Left on Labrador," by Dillon Wallace (Revell: $1.75), a fresh, neat picture of the reaction of a healthy boy to a healthy life, more convincing because of its simplicity of style than the more ambitious, but truly hectic "Jim Spurling," by Albert W. Tolman (Harpers: $1.75) which deals with similar adventures, this time on the Grand Banks. Now, turning South with "Across Seven Seas," by E. Keble Chatterton (Lippincott: $1.75) we skim in the yacht Syble on a race thrilling to its youthful crew. The style may not keep quite abreast, but the book is successfully seaworthy. "The Lost Caravan," by W. A. Rogers (Harpers: $1.75), goes a bit heavily loaded with information decked out as story amidst Boers and Zulus and baboons. As it is, the slightly flat writing does not do full justice to a good deal of interesting material. Finally, "Pirate Plunder," by Frank E. Potts (Harpers: $1.75) inevitably suggests as subtitle Blood and Thunder—heartily romantic thunder and very vivid blood it is! This book is fresh in spite of its much used material, and of course boys love blood and thunder. A good frank piece of work this, none the worse for its position at the tail of our list. Indeed, in boys' books in general what we are apt to find is a naïvely, cheerfully blood-and-thunderish presentation of life. If its effect on the boy-reader could equal that on the boy-hero, what proud parents we should all be! The deeds of derring-do happily accomplished without hurt in these eight volumes by as many young heroes are completely astounding!

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR. By *Wheeler McMillen.* Appleton. $1.75.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOK OF INDOOR GAMES. By *A. Frederick Collins.* Appleton. $2.

BETTY LOU OF BIG LOG MOUNTAIN. By *May Justus.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

HALF-PINT SHANNON. By *Paul L. Anderson.* Appleton. $1.75.

FOUND TREASURE. By *Marcia Macdonald.* Lippincott. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

FOOD AND HEALTH. By *A. B. Callow.* Oxford University Press. $1.

HYMEN OR THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE. By *Norman Haire.* Dutton.

MANNERS. By *Helen Hathaway.* Dutton. $3.

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By *Maurice H. Weseen.* Crowell. $4.50 net.

WHY MEN FAIL. Edited by *Morris Fishbein* and *William A. White.* Century. $2.

SKYWARD. By *Commander Richard E. Byrd.* Putnam. $3.50.

PROBATION FOR JUVENILES AND ADULTS. By *Fred R. Johnson.* Century. $2.25.

CELEBRATED TRIALS. By *George Borrow.* Revised and edited by *Edward Hale Bierstadt.* Payson & Clarke. 2 vols.

IDEALS THAT HAVE HELPED ME. By *Bishop Francis Wesley Warne.* Methodist Book Company. 75 cents.

THE COLLECTOR'S WHATNOT. By *Cornelius Obenchain Van Lort, Milton Kilgallen,* and *Murgatroyd Elphinstone,* better known as *Booth Tarkington, Kenneth L. Roberts Hugh,* and *M. Kahler.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

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MORE ARISTOCRATS OF THE GARDEN. By *Ernest H. Wilson.* Stratford. $5.

THE PEAKS OF MEDICAL HISTORY. By *Charles L. Dana.* Hoeber. $3.

KNIGHTS OF THE WING. By *A. M. Jacobs.* Century. $2.

GORILLA. By *Ben Burbridge.* Century. $3.50.

Pamphlets

SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA. By *Ashley Thorndike.* Oxford University Press. 45 cents.

VISCOUNT BRYCE OF DECHMONT. O. M. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. By *G. C. Moore Smith.* Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

THE VARIANT ISSUES OF SHAKESPEARE'S SECOND FOLIO AND MILTON'S FIRST PUBLISHED ENGLISH POEM. By *Robert Metcalf.*

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO: First Report of Prehistoric Survey Expedition. By *K. S. Sanford* and *W. J. Arkell,* University of Chicago Press. $1.

THE INDIANS OF AMERICA. By *Elizabeth A. Dennis.* Boston: Faxon.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WORLD WAR ON EUROPEAN EDUCATION. By *Fritz Kellermann.* Harvard University Press.

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Poetry

ROMANTIC POETRY OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by ARTHUR BEATTY. Scribners. 1928. $1.25.

MINOR VICTORIAN POETS. Edited by JOHN D. COOKE. Scribners. 1928. $1.25.

The first of these small, neat blue volumes contains rather obvious selections from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. The book is compact and fits in the pocket. Professor Beatty's first paragraph, with its reference to Shelley and Keats dying before they had developed their full powers, seemed to us misleading in his assertion: "If these latter 'did not know enough,' as Matthew Arnold charges, it was in part because they were cut off before they could express 'the wiser mind' that we know was in the possession of all of them. Each one of them left his latest effort a fragment; but a fragment which holds the sure promise of higher flights of imagination and clearer power of fitting thought to the realities of human life than he had shown in his earlier work." This is both badly written and essentially untrue. But in his later notes prefaced to the selections from the different poets, Professor Beatty evinces more sagacity. His book is a good primer, no more.

Professor Cooke's companion volume is more interesting. The title for it is most peculiar. So Browning and Swinburne are "Minor Victorian Poets," are they? Then who exactly is a major Victorian poet? Tennyson, obviously, for one, as he is not included here. Without prejudice to Tennyson, it may be stated that this is arrant nonsense. Matthew Arnold and Francis Thompson both wrote major work, yet they are among the minors, with John Keble, John Henry Newman, and Stevenson. There is no accounting for tastes! Nevertheless, in both Professor Beatty's and Professor Cooke's volumes the endeavor in the introductory matter to set some of the chief figures of English poetry against the social and political background of their times and to explain briefly the main contemporary influences and tendencies of thought of these periods, serves to indicate a wider range of studies that will give the beginning reader of poetry a proper perspective on the work of the past. In "Minor Victorian Poets," the selections from Arthur Hugh Clough, John Davidson, Edward Fitzgerald, Hardy, Henley, Housman, Kipling, Meredith, Morris, Patmore, the Rossettis, and James Thomson, as well as from the poets we have already mentioned, are characteristic and include a great deal in capsule.

ENDYMION. By *John Keats.* Edited by *H. Clement Notcutt.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE GENIE IN THE JAR. By *Orville Leonard.* Cedar Rapids, Ia., Torch Press.

THE DESERT CANARY. By *Orville Leonard.* Cedar Rapids, Ia., Torch Press.

FRUITED BLOSSOMS. By *Alice Riggs Hunt.* Vinal.

THE BARE HILLS. By *Yvor Winters.* Four Seas.

BRIGHT WORLD. By *George Elliston.* Vinal.

TWIST O' SMOKE. By *Mildred Bowers.* Yale University Press. $1.25.

LOVE SONNETS OF A CAVE MAN. By *Don Marquis.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

WHERE THE HOURS GO. By *Lefa Morse Eddy.* Vinal.

SILVER IN THE SUN. By *Grace Noll Crowell.* Turner.

POEMS OF GIOVANNI PASCOLI. Selected and translated by *Arletta M. Abbott.* Vinal. $2.

HOUSE OF HAPPINESS. By *B. Y. Williams.* Sully. $1 net.

THE BALLAD OF THE BROWN GIRL. By *Countée Cullen.* Harpers.

GLORIA AMORIS. By *Charles Daniels.* San Francisco: Harr Wagner.

PARIS ANNO DOMINI 1454. By *Oscar Waldemar Junek.* (Magister Junius Junek.) Florence: Otto Lange.

POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING. By *Samuel Hoffenstein.* Boni & Liveright.

THE SEVENTH HILL. By *Robert Hillyer.* Viking.

FIRE AND SLEET AND CANDLELIGHT. By *Eleanor Carroll Chilton, Herbert Agar,* and *Willis Fisher.* Day. $2 net.

COLOR OF WATER. By *Marjorie Meeker.* Brentanos. $1.50.

AMERICA ARRAIGNED. Edited by *Lucia Trent* and *Ralph Cheyney.* New York: Doran.

BURNT CLAY. By *P. Brooks Houston.* New York: Dean & Co. $1.

PAGAN PICTURES. Translated from the Greek by *Wallace Rice.* Boni & Liveright. $7.50.

SLEET. By *Herman Liveaey.* Camden, N. J., Walt Whitman Foundation, 330 Mickle Street. $1.60.

Travel

TOUR IN SCOTLAND IN 1817; NOTES WHILE PREPARING THE SKETCH BOOK. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Edited by Stanley T. Williams. Yale University Press. 1928. $15.

These fragmentary notes, ideas, impressions, some personal, some romantic, some the very stuff of observation to be used in finished work will be of great value to students and critics of Irving, and are of considerable interest to the historian, especially of early nineteenth century America. There is much reference to interesting contemporaries, especially in the Scottish journal, but the chief value of these collections is for the literary critic interested in the raw material of literature.

THE LAND OF THE RHONE: LYONS AND PROVENCE. By HUGH QUIGLEY. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $5.

This volume falls somewhere between a book of travel and a work of history. The author has wandered about the Rhône to good purpose and read the more obvious French local histories and descriptions, but his historical background is hardly adequate to redeem his history from scrappiness and superficiality. He is especially defective on the side of the Middle Ages, which he neither likes nor understands, and his treatment would have gained freshness and interest by introducing his readers to such recent researches as those of Bédier on the French epic and Kingsley Porter on the Romanesque sculpture of the pilgrimage roads. Still the book is a brave attempt to link together the Provence of Roman and pre-Roman days with that of Mistral.

THINGS SEEN IN SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER. By *Douglas Ashby.* Dutton. $1.50.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY AND THE PYRENEES. By *Eleanor Elsner.* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

JAPAN. By *Pierre Loti.* Translated by W. P. Baines. Stokes. $2.50.

EGYPT. By *Pierre Loti.* Translated by W. P. Baines. Stokes. $2.50.

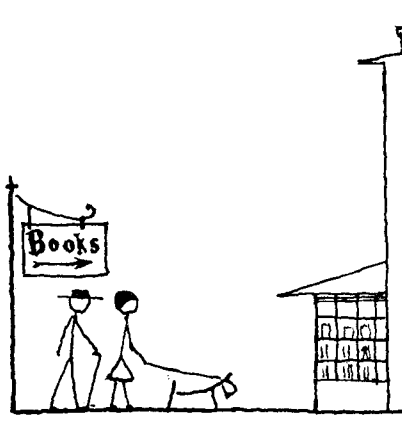
I'LL TELL THE WORLD. By *E. V. Knox.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE IMMORTAL ADVENTURE. By *Irma L. Lindheim.* Macaulay. $3.50.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK. South American Publications. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

RAMBLES IN CATHEDRAL CITIES. By *J. H. Wade.* Stokes.

ON A PARIS ROUNDABOUT. By *Jan Gordon.* Dodd, Mead.



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Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

M. M. S., Madison, Wis., teaches a class in high school that reads with real joy, but prefers to read Zane Grey, seeing the West as full of redskins biting the dust, desperadoes, and deviltry. She is looking for something to add to this ration: "My Antonia" would be too adult, and Garland's "Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" too thin: Furlong's "Let 'er Buck" is a good antidote for cowboyism, and Stewart's "Letters of a Woman Homesteader" illustrates modern pioneering, but many of the lists for this purpose are uneven as to quality or too mature for this age.

IF you will look through the files of this department you will find that it conducted such a search some months ago, to which readers to the Westward contributed as well as those in older parts of the country. But since then a book has appeared that beats them all for glamor blended with authentic information, "Kit Carson," by Stanley Vestal (Houghton Mifflin). Told in rapid, conversational sentences, it has so well adapted its method of presentation to its subject that it is not only a document but a work of art. It combines, in a word, the merits of the two literary versions of the Paul Bunyan saga and applies them to a subject even more rewarding. As for its charm, this may be tested by leaving it where any man or boy can get at it. Another with a curious fascination is Lucia Zora's autobiography "Sawdust and Solitude" (Little, Brown). She was a lion-tamer, beautiful—the pictures prove it—and with a degree of education extending to art and music that one does not popularly connect with this profession. At the height of her fame she left the arena and became a homesteader in northwestern Colorado. This half of the story is as dramatic as the other, and it is unusual to carry the glitter of the circus over into the farm. "Some Recollections of the Western Ranchman, New Mexico, 1883-1889," by the Hon. William French (Stokes), is announced for publication soon: he went West to better his fortunes as a younger son and tells experiences with Indian wars, broncho-busting, and frontier justice. "Dr. Pete of the Sierras," by Mary Montague Davis (Macmillan), is another promised: it is said to convey an unusual amount of information on Western life, by an exciting story. Dane Coolidge's novels are said to be unusually accurate in details, and his new one, "Gun Smoke" (Dutton), is certainly thrilling: it involves bandits on the Mexican border. "My People the Sioux," by Chief Standing Bear (Houghton Mifflin), is a remarkable addition to the collection of books by Indians about Indians; it includes recollections of the battle of Wounded Knee and Indian reports of the Custer Massacre, with accounts of boy life and tribal customs.

Speaking of books for boys, the most disconcerting biography of the Spring is certainly that called "Alger," by Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius). The author of the Alger books is spread out like a bug under a microscope—and such a pathetic little bug! Anything more touching or less edifying than his love-affairs, or for that matter, his whole career, it would be hard to find. I have been making for myself, for some time past, a little collection of biographies showing the pains and struggles of authorship. This "Alger" goes into it.

A. M. J., Shillington, Pa., asks for a play to be given by the Home Economics Club of a High School.

I HAD no idea what sort of entertainment would be specially designed for this use until I lately received from the publisher Virginia Olcott's "Household Plays for Young People" (Dodd, Mead), with pictures in color. These are built around objects or processes treated in home-making courses or interesting to home-makers: the first is concerned with dyes, and there are plays about a mirror, cakes, and a "log-cabin witch," with directions for production.

M. B., New Orleans, La., has seen the announcement of a book on jellies and jams, and wants it for her cook-book collection.

I THINK it must be "Canning, Preserving, and Jelly-Making," by Janet Hill (Little, Brown), that, though a standard work, has just been issued in a new and enlarged edition. Anyway, it is worth putting on anyone's kitchen shelf.

R. *C. R., Long Island,* who lately asked for books on cryptograms and their solution, is informed that the prize work of the sort has just come from the press of the University of Pennsylvania, which has issued under the title, "The Cipher of Roger Bacon," the researches of the late Dr. William Romaine Newbold in the Voynich Manuscript written by Bacon during his imprisonment. This document is sufficiently cryptic even in outward seeming, the illustrations being masterpieces of the extraordinary medieval passion for hidden meanings that makes a modern reader mop his brow and wonder if Ignatius Donnelly might not have been misjudged. But Roger Bacon not only had this passion and the most practical of reasons for indulging it; he had in his possession the only really good microscope in the world, and it was the belief of Dr. Newbold that by means of it he built into these manuscript pages, especially into the arabesques of its illustrations, tiny signs that now, under a powerful lens, are resolved into their original forms and convey messages and records. Professor Roland Kent, in a sympathetic foreword that brings the searcher's painstaking processes before the reader's eyes, introduces reports made by Dr. Newbold upon his decipherings. The chapters on the cryptogram and the steps in its untangling are dazzling: the illustrations of course add greatly. At the same time appears from this press, conjointly with that of Oxford, a two-volume translation of the "Opus Majus" of Roger Bacon, the sum of human knowledge in the Middle Ages, reduced to portable form under the heads of philosophy, study of tongues, mathematics, optical and experimental science, and moral philosophy, and offered to the Pope for the better conversion of infidels. I kept on and on in these beautiful clear pages, not that I know enough to appreciate them or otherwise, but because the medieval universe is tucked into them as neatly as all the animals into the ark.

It will repay readers of this department to watch the publications of the University of Pennsylvania or to send for their catalogue, for it contains a number of books not elsewhere accessible, in which grace of presentation sweetens scholarship for the general reader. For instance, here is a life of "George Henry Boker," by Edward Scully Bradley, that may remind us of the triumph of "Francesca da Rimini," one of the few contributions of America to nineteenth century dramatic literature: it had been for thirty-five years on our stage at the death of its author, and eleven years later, in 1901, Otis Skinner revived it and played the part of Lanciotto for a year, as told in his "Footlights and Spotlights" (Bobbs-Merrill).

A. Mc., Pacific Grove, Calif., asks if there is a history of England at all like Beard's "Rise of American Civilization," or at least one that pays as much attention to economics and social conditions as to wars and dynasties.

THE feature of the Beard book is that there is nothing just like it anywhere. But it is not a reference work in which one may look up names, dates, and places in the reasonable hope of finding any important one of these therein set down. The English histories that I know and to which I have continual occasion in my work to refer, have this quality: the one I most often use for placing myself or the characters of a book in some past time is Mowat's "History of Great Britain," a small, squat textbook from the Oxford University Press, costing surprisingly little considering its many pictures, and more interesting to the general reader than he might think a high-school textbook could be. For a standard reference history I use continually "A History of England and the British Commonwealth," by Laurence M. Larson of the University of Illinois (Holt), in the American Historical Series that led off with C. D. Hazen's "Europe Since 1815." The treatment it affords economics and social conditions is adequate, and it fills a further requirement of this reader in covering the World War and even the post-war labor situation almost to the eve of the general strike.

F. C. Littleton, N. H., asks if the poems of Robert P. Tristram Coffin and the essays of Francis Thompson are available in book form.

(Continued on next page)

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—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"CHRISTCHURCH," a volume of poems by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, was published by Seltzer in 1924: for his poems since then watch the magazines. The essays of Francis Thompson are in the third of the three volumes of his "Works," edited by Wilfred Meynell and published by Scribner.

F. W. H., Richmond, Cal., asks for books on astrology, English composition, and the filing of clippings and articles.

EVANGELINE ADAMS, whose "The Bowl of Heaven" (Dodd, Mead) was warmly received a year ago, has just carried on with "Astrology" (Dodd, Mead), which answers the purposes of a textbook. I am no authority on this subject, but this author has been regarded as one for a long while past, not only evidently believing it herself, but bringing numbers of people, some of them distinguished, to believe in it. "The Writing of English," by Manly and Rickert (Holt), goes rapidly from the use of the dictionary through analysis of sentences and paragraphs to actual writing in various forms: a more elementary work is Herzberg and Lewin's "Speaking and Writing English" (Allyn). "Filing Methods," by Eugenia Wallace (Ronald), is a small book given to the principles of this art.

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An Important Book on Paper

IT is somewhat singular that while type and printing and engraving have all had elaborate treatment within recent years, paper, which came before printing, and "without which printing would never have known the glory which belongs to it," has had only fragmentary attention. This makes all the more welcome a two-volume work just issued by Mr. Holroyd-Reece, from the Sign of the Pegasus, Paris, entitled "Le Papier: Recherches et Notes pour servir à l'histoire du papier, principalement à Troyes et aux invirons depuis le quatorxième siècle," the fruit of forty years' labor on the part of its author, Louis Le Clert, Conservateur honoraire du Musée de Troyes.

M. Le Clert's work is divided into three parts: first, a general historical treatise on paper making in general; second, a detailed description of some forty paper mills in and about Troyes which have made paper since the fourteenth century; third, a "family and corporate history of the craftsmen, employers, etc.,—about a thousand in number—who worked in those mills." These accounts of mills and workers furnish much material of a highly interesting personal character as to the actual manufacture of paper in a district where it has been a family business for centuries. The illustrations, although not numerous, are well selected and printed. The principal pictorial aid to the text is in the form of reproductions of water-marks: many carefully drawn examples, and numerous actual water-marks in the paper itself. In addition there are many coats of arms of paper makers, done in full color.

The treatment of the subject is adequate, and its authenticity is vouched for by the Société des Biblophiles Français, who sponsor the publication. The volumes are in generous folio format, excellently printed by Protat of Macon (although we take exception to the imposition, which results in hideous protruding deckle edges), on linen rag paper especially made for the work by the old mills of Canson et Montgolfier (whose history is set forth in the text). The publication of such an elaborate and acceptable treatise on paper is a welcome addition to our reference material on a neglected detail of the printer's job.

R.

The Fifty "Best" Books

BY the time this is printed, the selections for the Fifty Best Books of 1928 will have been made by the jury of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. There has been a tendency of late years on the part of the jury to select not necessarily the best books, but the "best" from an arbitrary standpoint determined by the jury. Hasn't the time come, if this extremely valuable annual salon is to maintain its prestige, to face squarely the issue between the fine book and the trade book? It would be possible to divide the books into two classes, and take, say, twenty-five in each class. This would result in a collection better fitting the title of the exhibit. Last year, for instance, a really notable book from a Boston printer was rejected, which really should have been included in a showing of "best" books, and doubtless there were other similar cases. As at present selected, the books in the Fifty do not fairly represent the best ones produced each year.

R.

A New Bodoni Bibliography

COMPENDIOSA BIBLIOGRAFIA DI EDIZIONI BODONIANE, a cura di H. C. BROOKS, M. A. Oxford. Florence: Tipografia Barbèra, 1927. Large 8vo. xvi 360 pp.

DESPITE William Morris's low but definitely expressed opinion of the great Italian printer, interest in Bodoni's work will never again, probably, suffer the eclipse which came to it in the nineteenth century, when a famous collection of his books went begging in London, if memory serves, for a paltry hundred pounds. For, although Bodoni was frequently, and especially in his perfected later style, a "dull" printer, and although his types were finally squeezed dry of all lusciousness, and, again, although his conception of the purpose of a printing-office was as undemocratic as his own Duke of Parma or our contemporary Mussolini could wish, yet he was a great printer, even a great man. Such a body of work as he produced at Parma, a work carried on for some time after his death by his widow and later by the Ducal printing-office, was a landmark in the history of printing, closing, in a sense, the last great creative epoch in book making. For what has been done since has been almost entirely in the way made plain by him and his predecessors in the art: "we moderns" making use of what the past has invented, devised, and given up. The most distinguished printing of the present does but make use of types and papers and schemes which can all be traced back to what some printer did before 1834.

Mr. Brooks's catalogue, based on the work of De Lama, but corrected and supplemented by later knowledge and more complete information, is in effect a list of the great collection of books from the Stamperia Ducale owned by the author. The collection comprises over 1,200 numbers, of which over 900 are books or pamphlets, 345 are broadsides of one or two leaves. Many of the latter are in duplicate or more copies, having different borders. The interest of the collection lies not only in its relative completeness, but also in the number of unpublished type-sheets which it contains, including the extra sheets in the 1788 Manuale, in proof copies, MSS., etc.

The catalogue is amply illustrated with specimen pages, type-specimens, vignettes, etc., from Bodoni's work.

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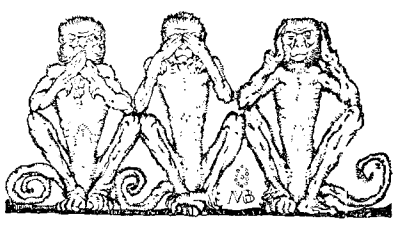

SHOP TALK

It doesn't seem possible that everyone believes everything he sees in print, and yet there must be a lot of people who believe the fairy tales that some ad-writers spin, and the reports and misreports of the newspapers. During the past year there has been plenty of material about the book business furnished by both of these tribes. It is hardly probable that the readers of the *Saturday Review* are so credulous that they accept every statement, but there have been many comments and we have been requested to enlighten, in our feeble way, the reading world.

* * * *

The controversy started with the introduction into this country of a book club. It developed rapidly when another organization of the same type, though of different methods, entered the field. Of course it really wasn't a controversy so far as the trade was concerned, because the trade didn't do any debating, at first. The original argument was:

Resolved: that the book clubs *create* additional readers.

It was argued by critics, reviewers and individuals in both publishing and bookselling. To date no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. It will take several years of experimenting to really know.

Then the argument became more heated because, instead of developing another competitor of the bookstore, the idea was responsible for creating, because of the advertising, the necessity for the bookseller and the publisher having to explain that he ought to exist. Starting with the first announcement of the newer of these agencies, the public was informed that neither bookseller nor publisher is essential, in fact that they constitute a barrier between the author and his readers. This, from an organization that gave a service through which twelve authors a year might be represented (as compared to the thousands of new and tens of thousands of older books which the bookstores show during the same period) might have been a source of innocent merriment except for the fact that the campaign grew worse with each additional advertisement.

Of course no one in the trade believed that our patrons and potential customers would take these seemingly libelous statements seriously and very little, if any, effort has been made to answer them. Even today they would appear unworthy of notice except for the fact that our correspondents have shown quite an interest in the matter and we have been told that the misinformatory statements should be refuted. We must therefore, somewhat reluctantly, devote this space to a discussion of this new trade problem. This step is taken solely to learn the feelings of the readers of the *Saturday Review* and it is hoped that some of them will tell what they think.

To be continued in our next.

Ellis Ormsbee

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY are enthusiastic about a recent novel of theirs, "The Withered Root," by *Rhys Davies*, a young Welshman still in his twenties who was born in the colliery district of which he writes. He has never forgotten the evangelist who tried to convert him at the age of fifteen. His first novel, "The Withered Root," is the story of an evangelist. But the story of Reuben is not the story of an Elmer Gantry. It is a tragedy of honest, perfervid youth. It is also a story of Wales, of that Wales that Philip, one of the characters in the book, an idealist with rotting lungs, arraigns in these terms:

You Welsh! A race of mystical poets who have gone awry in some way. Alien and aloof in your consciousness of ancient austerity and closing your eyes to the new sensual world. To me there seems to be a darkness over your land and futility in your struggles to assert your ancient nationality. Your brilliant children leave you because of the hopeless stagnation of your miserable Nonconformist towns: the religion of your chapels is a blight on the flowering souls of your young. When I think of Wales I see an old woman become lean and sour through worrying over trivialities, though there are the remnants of a tragic beauty about her nevertheless. And you, Reuben, with your helpless pity that is instinct within you, pity for the submerged classes I suppose, why don't you work that pity into a burning rage and strive to destroy that which angers you? Instead of worrying over a dead religion.

But Reuben cries that the Christian religion is not dead, but the living glory of Wales. He seeks to be the people's rock of Horeb. And Wales thirsts for a Revival. He brings it. And through his whole revivalist career runs the deep plaguing pagan desire for Eirwen Vaughan, the young, beautiful, sensual girl met earlier in the story, to whom, after his father's death at the colliery, at last he goes. It is the words of the now dead Philip remembered, concerning religion, that give us one clue to the significance of the story:

In some natures the impulse of religious worship is mingled inextricably with the sexual impulse.

We should not call "The Withered Root" a first-rate book, but it sounds as though it were true to the country and the people of which it treats, and there is much vigor and beauty in the writing. . . .

And we can recommend the new *Edmund Lester Pearson* book, though we have not yet read it. It is called "Five Murders"—and we see that Mr. Pearson has now dropped the Lester from his writing name. If one is a writer the middle name never lasts long, for writers have a passion for compact monickers. Mr. Pearson's book will be out on April 20th through Doubleday, Doran. As a postscript to the book there is a final note on the Borden case, an abbreviated form of which appeared recently in the *Forum*. The best writing Mr. Pearson ever did was in his original account of the Borden case in "Studies in Murder." . . .

Joseph T. Shipley, dramatic editor, and instructor in Literary Criticism at City College, is giving a series of talks over the Air College Station WNYC on "Technique of the Drama as Revealed in Current Plays." His lectures are on Wednesdays at 7.55, and arranged as follows; April 18: Themes; April 25: Plots; May 9: Characters; May 16: Styles. . . .

In an English weekly review we find a writer who simply "goes all out" for the new revue written and composed by *Noel Coward* and now playing in London. To show that Britons are not always so reserved as they are reported to be, we quote the exact words of this appraiser:

I must be careful with my superlatives, so I will say only this, that "This Year of Grace" is the most amusing, the most brilliant, the cleverest, the daintiest, the most exquisite, the most fanciful, the most graceful, the happiest, the most ironical, the jolliest, the most kaleidoscopic, the loveliest, the most magnificent, the neatest and nicest, the most opulent, the pithiest, the quickest, the richest, the most superb and tasteful, the most uberous, the most versatile, the wittiest—blow, "x" has stopped me! After that marvelous exhibition of self-restraint, I will now let myself go and say that if any person comes to me and says that there has ever, anywhere in the world, been a better revue than this, I shall publicly tweak his nose.

It's about the time, it seems to us, to print the following poem by *Sylvia Satan*, our faithful and highly-talented Newark contributor:

ICE SHAPES

The ice is slow, moving down the river
White blocks and segments pile upon the shores,
Here moves a berg, there rides a sliver,
Strings of grey barges, pearl-patterned floors;
Strange checkered shapes where the tide shunts the masses;
Strange puzzles float along the sparkling floods.
Broken on blue the dim dream passes
By little towns and highways and woods.

The ice is slow, moving down the river;
Winter held it fixed, strangely marked and strong,
Now where the tassels on the birches shiver
Light-magnets draw its triangles along;
Piled palisade, pinnacle and choir,
Cold carven figure of fountain and throne,
Stark white faggot on slab-sliding pyre
Toppling and tumbled like old altar stone.

The ice is slow, moving down the river;
Willow and birch are shaking out their spray
The linden is reddening, the larch is aquiver;
Mounting sap and budding are splashed all the way.
Copper-traced brush work, gold vein and stipple;
Beauty in the boughs of each life-laden tree. . . .
But these ice shapes, enchanted, adrift upon the ripple,—
Are they so different from you and from me?

Maybe you will like to think of ice-shapes by the time you read this—it will be so warm (we hope!).

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"I'd like to read it," he explained to the anxious saleslady, "but I live a mile from the station, and I can't get up any speed in the mornings when I'm so heavily equipped."
He carefully put *Trader Horn* back on the shelf and chose a thin volume of SCHNITZLER'S as his travelling companion.

Although *The Inner Sanctum* publishes both HORN and SCHNITZLER, the story is not quite 100 per cent perfect, for it forces the reader to guess which of his recent novelettes was selected by the sprinting commuter:

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"Packed with witty and memorable phrases, singing with youthful zest." *N. Y. Eve. Post* "Indescribably beautiful. *Oregon Journal.* "Gay, thoughtful, pertinent, the book stands apart." *Phila Inquirer.* "Deserving highest praise. Should be celebrated by a Gregorian Chant." *Boston Transcript.*

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Points of View

Obiter Dicta

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In his review of Miss Suckow's novel, in the *Saturday Review* of March 10, Mr. Allan Nevins went far out of his way to misrepresent Iowa. He would convey the impression that small-town life in Iowa is singularly commonplace. Having passed nearly half my life in central New York, and having visited many small towns in Mr. Nevins's native state, Illinois, and in Sinclair Lewis's native state, Minnesota, I have no question but that the small-town life in rural New York is far behind that of Illinois, Minnesota, or Iowa, and that, outside the great cities, the small towns of Minnesota and Illinois cannot compare with those of Iowa in such evidences of culture as schools, public libraries, women's clubs, open forums, etc.

Mr. Nevins concedes "placid attractions to Iowa's capital city," and "attractive nooks and picturesque streams" to the state at large; but declares Iowa "is one of the last States we associate with beauty." This from a native and resident of Illinois! After a day's ride over any one of the trunk-lines leading west from Chicago, what positive relief one experiences on escaping from the almost dead level of central Illinois, to the beautiful bluffs on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, and further west, the beautiful rolling prairies of Iowa dotted with miniature forests and "picturesque streams." And compare the well-built, flower-surrounded homes along the way, with the tumble-down appearance of many small towns in my native state—many of them smaller in population than they were a half-century ago, and almost wholly devoid of the evidences of Culture to be found in Iowa.

One more allusion to Mr. Nevins's review. "A region settled by Southerners, Yankees, and Germans now merged into a uniform mass." I do not question the quality of the immigrants from the South, from New England, and from Germany: but I do question the statement as one of fact. Statistics of our immigration period show that the bulk of immigration was from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, with a much smaller number from Kentucky and Tennessee. Census figures confirm my statement. While there are many Germans and citizens of German descent in Iowa, it is a matter of common knowledge that the predominating foreign element in Iowa is of Scandinavian origin.

JOHNSON BRIGHAM,
Librarian, Iowa State Library.
Des Moines, Iowa.

Talking with Jake

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Circulating libraries are a benefit. But it's bad form to make comments when you return the books by mail. One library sends out volumes with Mr. John S. Rush as clerk. I can't keep my mouth shut when I read a book; I have to write my views to somebody. I as male to male made merry over some of the novels to Mr. Rush. Back came this note: "We are all *ladies* in this library. John S. Rush is merely a name for our parcel post dept."

Since I mayn't write to John S. Rush (O Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Harris!) I've taken to talking with Jake, our country school teacher. He emphatically doesn't fancy the new novels. His comments as representing the man in the mud-road are illuminating. Jake said "My Heart and My Flesh" was touted across by ads. He voted that novel gloomy and dull and disgusting. He said a girl might put her grandfather to bed, but she'd close her eyes to his naked withered old frame. She'd never stop to ponder on what she saw and have a monstrous bad dream.

Along came "The Yankee Passional" with its Dan Matthews hero. Jake is familiar with the other Dan Matthews that Harold Bell Wright generated and propagated. Jake can't enthuse about either Dan Matthews. Jake ran into Dan in three of the Wright novels, popping up *last* (Jake hoped!) in "God and the Groceryman." Jake declares the "Passional" is too horrible a picture of New York.

"Funny," elucidated Jake, "but Dan Matthews isn't the one you remember of the 'Passional,' but Liam O'Hegerty, the old reprobate. Dan, the pseudo-hero, is a cloudy, misty shadow. The author has made one of those imitation men—those queer-looking bags into which the rookies at Gettysburg jabbed bayonets. Samuel Ornitz loved Dan, but his love proved onanistic: Dan isn't born at all. Dan suffers as much as a Laura Jean Libbey heroine. I felt sort o' relieved when at the end of five hundred pages he was whipped to death. I never read a line of Zola, though I did gobble essays on him. But I'd say Ornitz is a student of the author of 'Nana.' No, the 'Passional' can't be called immoral; only sickening.

"I believe Ornitz gives a faithful picture of Bernarr Macfadden and his health humbug in Orr Applegate. Mame has blood in her, but how could she go on loving an ass like Dan? He's just a 'teaser.' He never knew what he wanted: human futility with a capital F. But I'm glad I read the 'Passional.' I've now lost my long-tormenting itch to go to New York. I'll die happy without ever having been there. And somehow till my last kick I'll blame Ornitz because I didn't go. He murders every character in his book to build a bloody throne of martyrdom for booby Dan—Dan who's only a flapping poster, such as Applegate utilized of a nearly naked man to advertise his Physical Culture. I reached my limit of endurance when the boy in the workhouse discovered in his soup the finger of a dead baby whose grave he'd been digging at in Potter's Field.

"And the way Ornitz omits hyphens is maddening. He'll run two or three words together in a string, making your head ache to get them apart. I thought of Lesbian love: one trinity of unhyphenated words reminded me of the stereotyped picture of the Three Graces. Did Ornitz mean to write a religious novel? Then he'd better study Younge's 'The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.' No, Ornitz meant to give us a Colossus of suffering in his Dan, seeking for a religion of peace and piffle. Astride, Dan lets all sorts of darkling waters flow between his legs, while he bats his dead eyes on the everchanging sky. But Dan has no more kick than the Goddess of Liberty."

Jake's only a hill-billy township schoolmaster; has been such for forty years. And somehow I'm finding him one of my favorite critics; his comments sound sane to me.

WILL W. WHALEN.
Orrtanna, Pa.

Beecher in a New Rôle

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I have just been reading—practically simultaneously—the Hibben life of Henry Ward Beecher, and the Reminiscences of St. Gaudens. Curiously, the extract which follows was read the same day as the most virulent of the Hibben accusations. Doubtless many of your readers will enjoy this extract from the great sculptor. Here it is:

"Another incident which lent diversity to this dreary period of my life (1875-77) took place because of a cast made by a sculptor, a friend of mine, who occupied an adjoining room. He wished to model a bust, and to do this proposed taking a mold from the living face of his sitter. That is no trifling matter even to an expert, and it showed the boldness of the novice, since, notwithstanding my protestations, my friend undertook it without ever having cast anything before. He wished me to help him; but I told him that I would wash my hands of the affair if he tried it. He disappeared.

Presently he came rushing into my room crying, 'For Heaven's sake, come!'

In his studio, which was one already of monumental disorder, confusion, and dirt, stretched out on a sofa lay his subject with a solid mass of hard plaster, about two inches thick, enveloping his head; while the whole room, wall, ceiling, boxes, and floor, was covered with the great spatterings of the plaster thrown wildly about by the sculptor in the course of this extraordinary proceeding.

There were the usual quills in the sitter's nose, but the weight of the cast was so great that we could hear him mumble under it, praying us to get it off quickly or he would die. It was really a serious business, this taking it off, as we had to bang at the plaster with chisel and hammer. Fortunately there was no ill result, other than a good bit of the subject's eyelashes being torn away and his clothes ruined. He was one of those happy men, however, who take everything with cheerfulness. The death of my tormentor would have been my only satisfaction had I undergone the sufferings he was put to."

The subject was *Henry Ward Beecher.*

LUCY E. KEELER.
Chicago.

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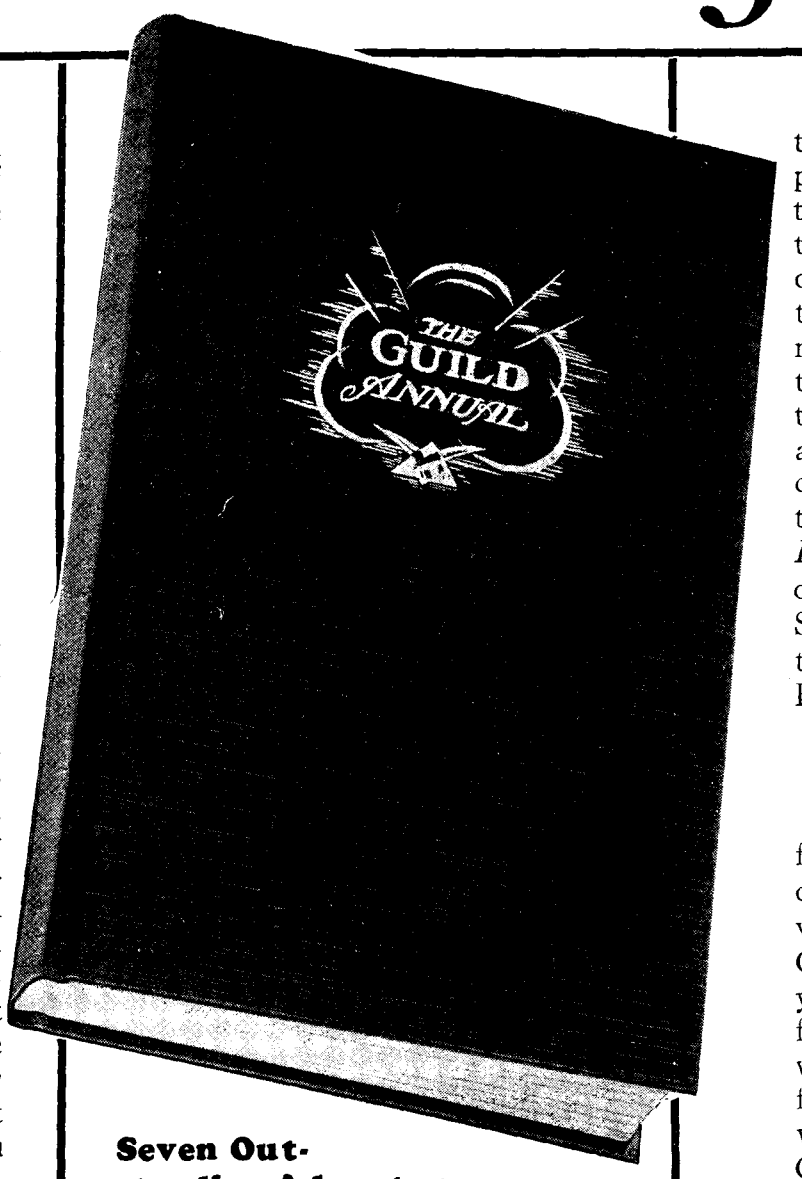

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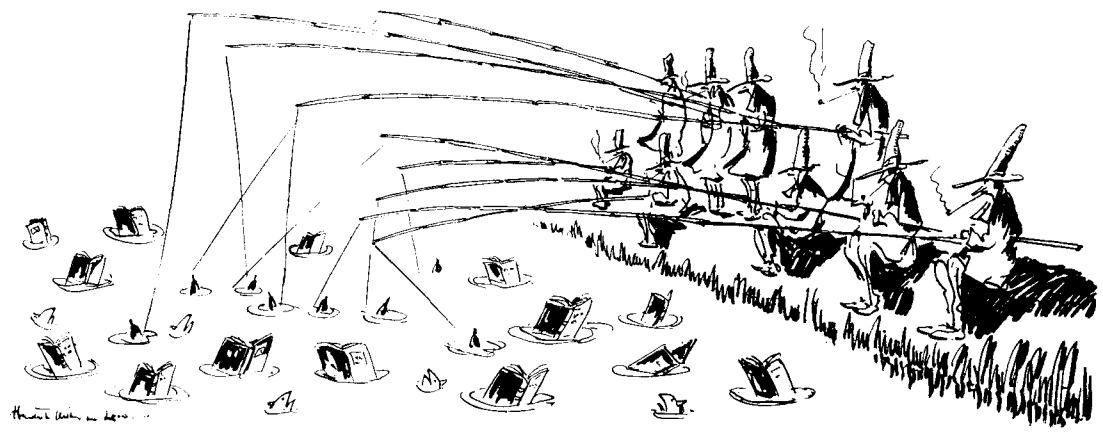

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